

Sports Illustrated

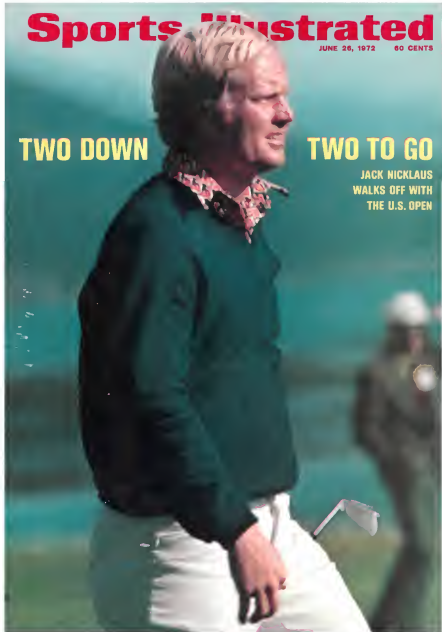
JUNE 26, 1972

60 CENTS

TWO DOWN

TWO TO GO

**JACK NICKLAUS
WALKS OFF WITH
THE U.S. OPEN**



The fun of not riding a motorcycle.

The wind in your face. A feeling of freedom. Seeing the country close-up. That's some of the fun of riding a motorcycle.

But for a father and son, there's more fun than just the riding. Much more.

The catalyst.

At Honda, we believe a motorcycle can be the catalyst to bring a boy and his father a little closer together. Maybe because it's such a great excuse for getting away.

After miles of country riding, it's easy to talk about what you've seen and done. It's easy to talk... period. And if the bikes you're riding are Honda off-road bikes, they help to make it a little easier.

Their dependable four-stroke engines run quietly, smoothly. And they have USDA-approved spark arrestor/mufflers to be even quieter and safer for the environment.

Work becomes fun.

You may discover that a motorcycle brings the fun and closeness of weekend outings home.



To a boy, the care and feeding of his bike are almost as much fun as the riding. Adjusting the carburetor. Cleaning the points. Decorating the tank. It's all a work of love. And for help and advice, he'll probably turn to his father.

As a father, you can turn to Honda.

Motorcycle specialists.

Since Honda has more dealerships than any other motorcycle manufacturer, there's bound to be one near you. A full service dealership that's staffed with motorcycle specialists, well-stocked with Honda parts. And your Honda dealer is glad to give amateur motorcycle mechanics—

young or old—a helping hand.

Drop by one of these dealerships soon. See all the different Honda models. Learn more about motorcycling. We think the more you learn, the more you'll discover how good it can be for your son. How much fun it can be for both of you.

HONDA
World's favorite motorcycle

For safety, we recommend that you always wear a helmet and eye protection, keep your lights on and check the local laws before you ride. For a free color brochure, write American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. JV, Box 50, Gardena, California 90247. ©1972 AHM.



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APR 3	TAMPA	813-224-4011	3 K1	
APR 4	MUSKEGON	616-798-0411	3 K1	
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APR 7	GRINNELL	515-236-6111	3 K1	
APR 8	EVERETT	206-258-5321	3 K1	
APR 9	ERIE	814-871-2341	3 K1	
APR 10	SAN ANGELO	915-949-9511	3 K1	
APR 11	TAMPA	813-224-4011	3 K1	

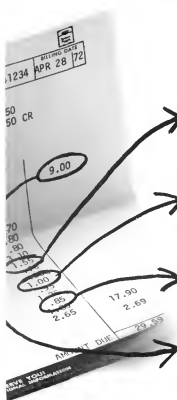
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THE ENCLOSED RETURN ENVELOPE

GTE

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could be too high.



The Normal Procedure: The phone bill comes in the mail; you look at it, write a check, moan and groan a lot, and forget about it until next month, when you repeat The Normal Procedure.

Our Recommendation: Consider the possibility that your phone bill may be too high because you haven't been taking advantage of the following possibilities:

1. Dial long distance out-of-state calls yourself.

If you're willing to talk to anyone who picks up the phone at the other end, it's cheaper to dial the number yourself and call station-to-station than to have our operator do it for you.

Even if you want to talk to somebody in particular, the odds are very much in your favor that you'll get him by dialing station-to-station yourself. And if you don't get him the first time, a call-back (sometimes two) is still cheaper than person-to-person.

2. Place out-of-state long distance calls at bargain rate times.

The right times to call are after 5 p.m., when you get our low evening rate; after 11 p.m., when you get our even lower dial-it-yourself night rate; on Saturday and Sunday, when you get our low weekend rate, and on certain holidays.

In most states we also offer similar discounts on long distance calls. We suggest that you check your phone book for rates.

3. Report long distance wrong numbers.

When you dial long distance and get a wrong number, apologize to the nice people at the other end, hang up, dial "0" right away and tell our operator all about it. We'll see to it that you get a credit for the call.

Whatever you do, don't give up, don't mutter bad words to yourself, and don't go away mad.

4. Call us when you go on vacation.

We have a special service for you if you're going to be away for more than one month. Just call our business office and we'll unhook your line temporarily at our central office, thereby saving you as much as 50% on your local service charge.

These suggestions are not presented altogether altruistically; very often, by helping you save money, we save some money ourselves. We trust that won't keep you from following Our Recommendation.

We'd love to hear someone complain that their phone bill is too low.

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

This is the last rent a car form you'll ever have to fill out.

Every time you rent a car you wait around while we fill out the same old rent a car form.

With the same old questions.

No matter how many times you've answered them before.

You don't like it. We don't like it.

Well, it wasn't easy, but we've created a way of renting cars that eliminates the problem.

It's called Hertz Number One Club.

Once you're a member you'll never again have to bother with a rent a car form and all the aggravation that goes with it.

Here's how Number One Club works.

First you fill in the coupon on the right and mail it to us.

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Then whenever you reserve a Ford or other fine car from us, your rent a car form will be filled out in advance, and waiting.

So all you do is show your license and charge card, sign your name and go.

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Hertz Number One Club

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Application for Hertz Number One Club

Last Name _____ First Name _____

Home Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Business Name _____

Business Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Driver's License Number _____

State _____ Expiration Date - Month, Day, Year _____

Please check the charge card you prefer to use and be sure to write in its number, including all letters.

☐ Hertz Card # _____

☐ Air Travel Card Card # _____

☐ American Express Card # _____

☐ Other (Specify) _____ Card # _____

☐ Check here if you wish to apply for a Hertz Charge Card.

Car Preference:

I usually rent: ☐ Economy ☐ Standard ☐ Luxury

I normally accept personal accident insurance. Yes ☐ No ☐

I normally accept collision damage waiver. Yes ☐ No ☐

Complete the above form and mail it to:
Hertz Number One Club, P.O. Box 25301,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73125.



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Next week

PITTSBURGH RATS are hot—so what else is new? Pirate pitching. The same world-champion exit, suspect in 1971, in rare form. An appraisal by William Leggett.

THAT OTHER OLYMPICS, the non-Munich one, will draw the world's best swimmers to the windy waters of far-off Kiel. Jerry Cooke sets the aquatic scene with color photographs.

THE GRADUATES and some others in their last year at the University of Nebraska helped to make the school No. 1 in football. They look back on life and labor as Cornhuskers.

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YOUR USF&G AGENT OFFERS DOWN-TO-EARTH ADVICE.

Your USF&G agent is a true insurance professional. He's an independent businessman of the highest caliber...one you can trust for competent, personalized counseling that helps protect so much of what you value. Business coverages? From new office buildings to factories. From casualty and fire insurance to employee group insurance. Your USF&G agent can cover them all...along with other insurance plans for businesses and individuals

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Will you be ready when they ask you to...

... program a computer
to run your household

... consider giving your
child a learning pill before
school each morning

... put a laser on
your workbench

... use your mind to
cure your body



Replicating the sources of pollution
our survival may depend on it.
Here, testing the effects of auto
exhaust fumes on the eyes.

TIME speeding up and slowing down... "anti-matter" that annihilates our own "ordinary" matter on contact... complex "electronic circuits" inside nerve cells... these ideas seem like something out of science fiction. Yet they're just a sample of the amazing truths known today—marvels you and your family will not only be startled by, but will understand through the LIFE Science Library.

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galaxy that may harbor intelligent life... about the physical processes that keep our hearts beating and our bodies growing... about the latest breakthroughs in understanding what may be the most miraculous phenomenon of all, the workings of the human mind itself.

And because science affects our lives in countless practical ways, you'll find that the LIFE Science Library broadens your perspective on the most pressing problems of our day... helping you form more educated opinions on everything from pollution to biomedicine to our space program. With its clear, to-the-point explanations, comprehensive coverage and lavish use of full-color illustrations, the LIFE Science Library is certain to be one of the most fascinating—and often-read—collections on your entire family bookshelf. (It may even provide that first and all-important spark that ignites the future scientist, researcher, engineer or doctor.)



SMALLER AND SMALLER. Just as transistors replaced tubes, microelectronics is replacing transistors with even smaller "monolithic block crystals" like the ones above.

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With the help of computers, weather forecasting is becoming more accurate and long range. The next breakthrough: controlling the weather to suit men's needs.



Locked away in the oceans is enough food to save an overpopulated world from starvation—and enough usable energy (in the form of deuterium, an isotope of hydrogen) to last us one billion years.



Every two days, the earth receives enough energy from the sun to equal all our remaining fossil-fuel reserves. Now scientists are learning practical ways to harness it—from heating houses in winter to running automobiles!

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The happy vodka. Gordon's.

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happiness is smoothness.
Smooth mixing.
Smooth tasting.
And smooth going down.

Gordon's is the vodka
with the Patent on
smoothness.



That's why Gordon's is the Happy Vodka.
So make it Gordon's. And make it happy.

SHOPWALK

A Londen Shop eases the southpaw's lot with its left-handed complements

The customer is never right at 65 Beak St., London, where Claudia and Bill Gruby run a thriving retail and mail-order business catering entirely to that neglected 10% of the population that happens to be left-handed. To properly appreciate what southpaws go through, the northpaw should spend a day or two using nothing but left-handed implements. Corkscrews turn backward, pen ribs catch on paper, stenographers' chairs have their writing boards on the wrong side, rulers run their inches, one to 12, from right to left.

As it happens, Bill and Claudia Gruby are both right-handed. But at a dinner party in 1967, where the other four guests were all lefties, the Grubys were treated to an evening of conversation about the trials of southpaws. As their fellow guests explained, some left-handed tools and implements are manufactured but few shops stock them. So Bill, a printer, conceived the notion of a shop that would cater strictly to the lefties.

The shop is called Anything Left Handed, and has become a popular stop for many American tourists—up to 50,000 in a year. The catalog, which will be sent airmail to anyone for 25¢, lists more than 160 items, including five types of left-handed potato peelers (from 65¢), a deck of cards numbered on all four corners or a set of Bob Charles woods and irons for \$260.

Cutting implements include 11 kinds of scissors, from nail to pinky and, surprisingly, a cutter for foot corns. Claudia explains, "The ordinary sloping-bladed corn cutter is practically lethal in the left hand." The left-handed do-it-yourselfer can work on a special bench with reversed layout and use a left-handed trimming plane.

For the female southpaw Anything Left Handed offers special can openers, eggbeaters and carving knives (with the serrated edge away from the cutting hand), not to mention a left-handed sink and a left-handed iron (with left-handed ironing board).

The mail-order side of the business involves the dispatch of hundreds of items a week, and new products suggest themselves continually. One woman wanted a left-handed hairbrush; convalescents seem interested in left-handed clinical thermometers. Power tools, with their emergency stop button normally dangerously inaccessible to the southpaw, are being designed. A left-handed (that is, right-wristed) watch is listed in the Gruby catalog at \$39.

The only thing remaining to make the Grubys' inventory complete might be a stock of left-handed men's Y-front briefs. "As a matter of fact," says Claudia Gruby with a faint blush, "we are shortly getting a quote on them."

—J.A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

**"Ain't it time
you did
something nice
for the
wife and kids?
Get them a
Dodge
Charger."**



1972 DODGE CHARGER

"They don't want to be seen driving around in any family car that looks like a shoebox. They want to be seen with a guy who looks like a big shooter, who drives the best-looking family car in town. Dodge Charger. Charger's got the room and features the wife and kids'll love. And it's got styling you'll love.

"Charger's got torsion-bar suspension that gives you

sure handling and firm control. It's built strong and tight with Unibody construction. And it's got a huge list of standard and optional equipment.

"Do your wife and kids a favor by doing yourself one—buy a Dodge Charger from one of my Boys."



**THE CHICAGOLAND DODGE BOYS
WANT TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE.**



"Mr. Dick Butkus told me to get a grown-up camera."

"Well," he says to me, "you're too big to fool with kiddie cameras."

"Man," I say, "I don't know anything about photography."

"That's why," answers Dick, "this little 35mm rangefinder camera is made for grown-ups like you."

"7-ft. grown-ups?"

"Yeah," he says, "this camera is made by the same

people who make the famous Miranda Sensorex SLR's. And they put all the big features of their expensive jobs into a 4 1/4" camera that makes picture-taking goof-proof."

"As easy as making baskets?" I say.

"Just aim and shoot," he says.

"Even color shots?" I say.

"Look," says Dick, "this camera is so automatic it

makes even your color shots look professional."

"What about things like exposures, shutter speeds?" I say.

"Don't worry," he says.

"This camera has built-in features that do the worrying for you."

"Good," I say, still a little worried, "If I had to fuss with any gadgets I'd break something."

"These Miranda cameras are built so well," says Dick, "they put a 3-year guarantee** on it. And they cost less than \$130*."

You know, I think to myself, Dick's pretty smart for a football player.

**MIRANDA®
SENSOREX®**

The small camera for grown-ups

Available in kit form with E-5 Electronic Flash, less than \$150.*

For details write Dept. 616, AIC PHOTO, INC., CARLE PLACE, N.Y. 11514

*IN CANADA: KINCORP LTD. (QUEBEC) LTD. May also be R and R Inc. (Ct.). Double with interest rate for 1980 and 1981. **A 3-year warranty on the Miranda cameras. R & A 3 years from date of purchase. Not valid in some jurisdictions. See dealer for details. *Price is for the Miranda camera only and does not include shipping and handling charges. **Warranty is not valid in some jurisdictions.



The Los Angeles Expressway Gate D12

At Continental Airlines we take a good deal of pride in being the leader in having made life easier and better for business travelers. But we've never been prouder than we are of our latest innovation, the Los Angeles Expressway. It's a whole new approach to traveling between Chicago and Los Angeles. Our thinking is this: as an important businessman you've got more important things to worry about than your ticket, your gate number, your bags, your seat and your diet. Try it once and you'll never go back to ordinary flying again.

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7:55 pm	9:50 pm to Ontario	707
9:00 pm	10:55 pm	DC-10

*107 until 7/1/72

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Friend or foe?



Damage to Soybean Crop, Champaign, Illinois



Do these lovely
green blades here
make you smile with
pleasant anticipation?

Or do they make you
want to pave
the whole back yard?

Either way, if you've
got a crop of grass
growing around your
house, chances are it
needs cutting from time
to time, and there's no
finer, faster way to
get the job done
than with a piece of
power lawn mowing
equipment from
International Harvester.
A big Cub Cadet® tractor,
possibly. A riding mower.
A walking mower.

There's one with just
the right power for you
and your grass.

Like it or not.



Any way you cut it.



*If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

Wilson X-31. For the golfer who wants to get the ball in the air more often and hit it farther.

The Wilson X-31 is made for players who are less than consistent in getting the ball up off the fairway and are being robbed of important distance on too many shots.

To help them get the ball up consistently we've designed the X-31 irons with the "radius sole".

It is extremely wide, and is curved from leading edge to back in a gentle arc similar to that of a normal golf swing. (see top diagram)

This curvature allows the club head to flow through the shot smoothly, sliding easily across the turf without dragging or digging in.

And as a further safeguard against digging in, the leading edge of the X-31 is beveled.

Notice, too, that the extra width of the sole puts greater weight below the center line of the ball on impact so that the power of the stroke is delivered low on the ball. Result: fast lift and extra yardage.

The X-31 sole is also contoured from heel to toe.

Since a smaller segment of the sole comes in contact with the turf, there's little chance of digging in, or for "turf drag" (see bottom diagram) Result: more club head speed and greater accuracy.

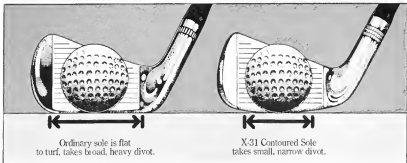
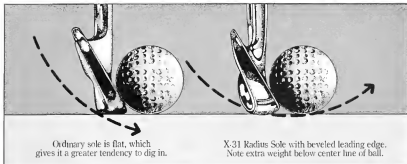
If you find yourself digging in when you attempt to get under the ball, or if you're losing too much distance and accuracy because of turf drag, the flat-sole clubs you're playing now aren't going to help you very much, or very soon.

Next time you're around the pro shop, hit a few with a Wilson X-31.

You're probably a lot better golfer than you think you are.

Wilson X-31 Clubs

For shots that get up faster and go farther.



Merrill Lynch tells how to get 7 to 8 percent on your money—without going out on a limb.

Is your money making enough money?

Before you decide, think about inflation. From 1967 through 1971, the Consumer Price Index climbed an average of 4.6 percent a year.

So your money's real earning power has been whatever interest you've been getting, *minus* 4.6 percent.

What does that leave you? If your answer is, "not much," maybe you'd like to see how you could increase your money's earning power—without going out on a limb.

Corporate Bonds: more for your money

The pros:

Corporates pay anywhere from 7 to 8 percent interest, depending on the company's financial strength. For many people, that would mean a 50 percent jump in investment income.

As far as safety goes, the main thing to remember is that a bond is a debt. And a corporation must pay all the interest on its

bonds before it can give the stockholders a nickel.

Another safety feature is the company's *legal obligation* to pay you the face amount of the bond at maturity. (Most new bonds are written to mature in 20 years.)

Before maturity, high-grade bonds tend to fluctuate in price less than the highest-quality stocks.

The cons:

Corporate bonds have the same drawback as all other fixed-income securities. They don't give you a share in a company's profits. So you can't expect much growth in the value of your principal.

A second disadvantage is the price fluctuation—usually less than with high-quality stocks, but enough to think about. If you have to sell your bonds before maturity, you could get less than the face amount.

Talk with one of our Account Executives. He can help you weigh the pros and cons as far as your own objectives are concerned.

Municipal bonds: no Federal taxes

The pros:

Municipal bonds are issued by states, cities, and towns. High-grade municipals are among the safest securities you can buy, because they're usually backed by the issuer's taxing power.

The big thing about municipals is that the interest is free from Federal income taxes. (It's even free from state and local taxes, if you buy bonds issued by the state or town you live in.)

So the net return on municipals can get very attractive. If your joint taxable income is \$30,000 a year, for example, a 5½ percent return on municipals is like getting 9 percent on a taxable investment.

The cons:

High-grade municipals yield only about 5 percent—a full 2 percent *less* than high-grade corporates. (Of course, that's not much of a problem if you're in a high tax bracket.) And like any bond, municipals fluctuate in price.

Ginnie Mae's: 7% Government-guaranteed

The pros:

A Ginnie Mae is a mortgage-backed security authorized by the Government National Mortgage Association, an agency of the Federal Government.

Ginnie Mae's have two main advantages. They pay a high interest—currently about 7 percent. And they're backed by the full faith and credit of the U.S. Government.

The cons:

The minimum investment is a hefty \$25,000. Another possible problem is that you gradually get back your principal along with the interest. Our analysts figure that the average Ginnie Mae will last only about 12 years.

Mutual funds: the diversified way

The pros:

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

AUGUST STABLES

Racing people say Bobby Byrne's stories of wholesale fixes of horse races are wildly exaggerated, which may be. A man can say a lot of things to a Horse investigating committee that he could not say in a court of law, and the widespread publicity the hoodlum's unsubstantiated remarks have received does not mean they should be accepted as unquestioned truth.

But neither does it mean, as racing seems to feel, that Byrne's testimony should be ignored, that nothing at all has happened and that racing is as pure as water from a mountain stream. The sport likes to boast that it polices itself, and perhaps it tries. But laxity at tracks like Churchill Downs, where the specter of the 1968 Butazolidin Derby still hovers, the questionable behavior of certain veterinarians, the chicanery involved in the sale and resale last year of Jim French, the indictment of former Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois for illegal activities relating to racetracks, the proven instances of tranquilized horses, found both before and after races—these glaringly demonstrate that all is not sweet innocence at the nation's tracks.

The first thing to correct is the threat of fixed races. The best way to do this is to test chemically all horses in all races. Some racing people say this would be prohibitively expensive because of the extra personnel and equipment needed. An efficient system of pre-race testing of all horses that has been in effect for several years at a few harness tracks costs about four times the post-race method. It seems a reasonable price. Concerned track operators should look into it and maybe spend less time developing bingo bets like the superfecta and twin double, which attract the Bobby Byrnes way dirty stables do flies.

NAKED TRUTH

At least one track is trying to police itself, however eccentrically. At Philadelphia's Liberty Bell last week 7,760 fans

were startled and amazed to see through their binoculars a jockey with his pants down. A few minutes before the first race, Lonnie Ray was ordered by Manley Stamper, enforcement director of the Pennsylvania Horse Racing Commission, to drop his drawers, open his shirt and take off his helmet and boots. After no battery or other illegal device was found on Ray, he dressed again, remounted a 3-year-old named Little Marlin and rallied from 11th place to win the six-furlong event.

Ray said he had never used a battery, would not know how to use one, and had never been in any trouble before. He was incensed and told his lawyer to sue the track "for all I can get."

Joseph Lecce, state racing commission chairman, said the investigators had a reason for their suspicion but could not reveal it. "We've got a hell of a job to do and a lot of things to do," he added. "We aren't very popular. If we don't do the job, we're at fault."

A reasonable argument, but Nick Jemis, national managing director of the Jockeys' Guild, was right when he suggested that when a commission wants to frisk a jockey, it should take him to closed quarters.

MARKET REPORT

It is still a few years away, but promoters and computer ticket officials are beginning to talk about a time when ticket prices will be permitted to float on a free market, like gold or stocks. Of course, this is the way scalpers run their ticket industry now, so it is nothing terribly revolutionary. The free ticket market will come to the Broadway theater first, where "two-fers" (two tickets for the price of one) to a dying show are even now an indication of a falling market. If it works on Broadway, its move into sports, especially in big expense-account cities like New York, will not be far behind. By 1980 or so there might be ticket brokers calling their clients and saying things like "Sam, I think

we ought to get into that Wednesday night Cub game at Shea. I can get you some at 9½ and Seaver is supposed to go. But I think we ought to unload all your Giant-Eagle stuff. The long-range forecast is rain, so let's bail out there. We got in at 7½ and it's up to 12 now. And we'll keep the short position on all Yankee games."

CANADIAN CAPER

The Canadian Football League All-Star Game next Wednesday, which kicks off a series of more than 20 CFL games to be telecast into the U.S. this coming season, is of special interest because John Mackey of the NFL Players' Association will be on hand. Not to watch the game particularly but to talk to representatives of the CFL Players' Association about mutual problems. Like money. It is an apt occasion. The CFL All-Star Game is staged by the Canadian players to help finance their pension fund, which by NFL standards is on Poverty Row. And, naturally, there are rumblings about a strike on the Canadian side of the border. There is no indication yet that players from the two countries will form one international union, but the possibility is there. Which raises a question of future shock, could discontent with playing conditions in, say, Edmonton, Alberta lead to picket lines in Miami?

FACT OF THE MATTER

A couple of weeks ago it was rumored that the American Basketball Association was about to kill off two or three of its weakest members, plead poverty and allow the NBA to absorb the remaining eight or nine teams under the legal aegis of something called the Fairing Company Doctrine, which would circumvent the monopoly charge that has delayed the long-proposed merger of the two pro leagues. As a gesture to the players, the owners were ready to give up the option clause. The NBA had even made up a new schedule to accommodate the absorbed ABA clubs.

All this had about as much substance as the air in a basketball. The ABA did fold the Florida and Pittsburgh franchises, but the rest of the scenario, which apparently was wishful thinking, failed to materialize. At their meeting last week the NBA owners did not discuss consolidation at all, except to wonder about the source of the stories.

continued



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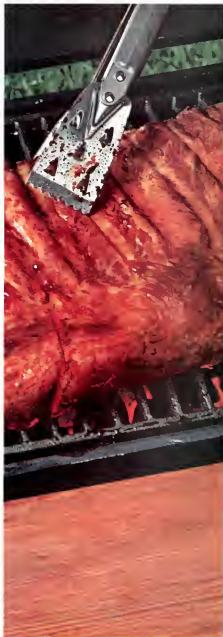
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The ABA appears to be clutching at straws. "I am telling you, everybody is broke," said one owner. "It's as simple as that." Legal costs, particularly those incurred in Washington where pro basketball has been unsuccessfully trying to get legislation permitting the merger out of Senator Sam Ervin's subcommittee, have been very high. The ABA has no clear leadership and despite the acquisition last week of Philadelphia's Billy Cunningham, it has few stars left. There is only one franchise (the New York Nets) in a major metropolitan market and thus little chance of salvation via TV money. The only hope, it seems, is eventual merger with the NBA.

The ABA's plight has contributed to the collapse of the player-salary boom. Rosters are clogged with players holding no-cut contracts, and clubs in both leagues are reluctant to spend big money on new prospects. Top draft choices this spring are asking 1970-71 prices (those \$300,000 bonanzas) but in general the clubs are offering about 10% of that. The no-cut guarantees and gaudy fringe benefits are out. Things have come to the point where even for agents war is hell.

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO

Sophisticated San Francisco is still in unseemly battle with gauche Oakland across the bay. Now it is stadiums. Somewhat miffed when Oakland put up its 54,500-seat Coliseum, which left Candlestick Park's 43,400 far behind, San Francisco redesigned its windy playground and this fall will have 61,100 seats available for football. That may not be enough for the city's pride. Oakland, in turn, has hired Architect John Bolles, who designed Candlestick, to bring in blueprints that would raise the Coliseum's football capacity to 63,000.

Why 63,000? "They told me to top San Francisco," Bolles said.

Now, back to Candlestick Park.

SHAME ON KNUTE

When the Pittsburgh Steelers drilled their rookies this spring they followed the lead of seven other NFL teams in abandoning traditional calisthenics before practice. Gone were push-ups, side-straddle hops and deep knee bends, done to a military cadence. Instead, the players quietly bent and stretched in what looked like yoga but which proved to be an adaptation of the warmup gymnast's use.

The high priest of all this is Paul Uram, an assistant high school coach from Butler, Pa., who has been preaching the cause for several years with considerable success. "I guess 50 major colleges and maybe 1,300 high schools are stretching now," Uram says, "and every day I get letters asking for information." The Chi-



cago White Sox are followers and so are the Los Angeles Lakers. The way Jerry West and Wilt Chamberlain went through the last season with minimum physical distress did not hurt Uram's argument.

"Calisthenics are a bore," he says. "They're a waste of time. They don't condition athletes and they don't prevent injuries. Gymnasts don't pull muscles, and the reason is they stretch. They don't bounce their muscles, like you do in cal. They stretch and rest, stretch and rest. In cal it's stretch and snap back."

As to why calisthenics are so widely used if they are so useless, Uram has an interesting theory. "Knute Rockne," he says. "He did it to show off Notre Dame. To put on a show. To build morale. Rockne was a success, so everybody did what he did."

NEW VIEW

Eddie Crowder, football coach at the University of Colorado, gave his players a look at yet another novel procedure at his spring sessions. Any player who had taken part in two previous spring practices was given a choice: for the first eight of the 20 scheduled workouts he could practice again or he could help coach. "I've thought that we could

develop better players if we could interrupt their playing careers and let them coach for awhile," said Crowder. "State of mind is an important quality in athletics. This plan lets our veterans see what we're doing from a different point of view."

Whether it was from eagerness to see that different point of view or simply a grateful acceptance of the chance to skip practice is conjectural, but 16 of 17 players given the option chose to blow whistles. If Crowder's theory is sound, Colorado may come up with the smartest team in the country next fall.

IF THE SHOE FITS

Track shoes, which caused such a fuss during and after the Mexico City Olympics, are walking into the picture again. The rival German firms Puma and Adidas are continually introducing new models with an eye to capturing the favor of top athletes and, in the course of events, a major share of the market. Puma has turned out the so-called "claw" shoe for sprinters, which has 12 rectangular cleats, each pointing in a different direction. Adidas has its special shoe for sprinters, too, with "hundreds of small multidirectional ridges and six sockets which will accept either traditional needle spikes, cones and plastic or aluminum elements." There are shoes for middle-distance runners and long-distance runners (an Adidas motto says, "For each event, for each athlete, the right shoe"). It is a strange world and a volatile one, but if shoe feuding is here, can the Olympics be far behind?

THEY SAID IT

• Charley McCleendon, LSU football coach, on playing golf with Lee Trevino. "He's the only man I've ever known to talk on his backswing."

• George Culver, Houston pitcher, after opposing 6' 7", 285-pound Frank Howard in an exhibition game: "You don't mind facing a guy like Howard unless he hits it up the middle. If he does, he takes you with it."

• Ed Khayat, Philadelphia Eagle coach, asked if Running Back Ron Bull might change his mind about retiring: "Before ecology, you got a lot of that. Come autumn and the smell of burning leaves, a guy would decide he wanted to play again. Now, because of pollution laws, you can't burn leaves." **END**

THE GLORIOUS QUEST

Jack Nicklaus' final score will never reveal what he did at Pebble Beach. Defying wind, sand, grass and water, he took a memorable Open and a giant step toward the Grand Slam

by DAN JENKINS

The Grand Slam almost went slumbering with the abalone in Carmel Bay last week, or soaring with the winds above it, or hiding with the wildlife in the forests beside it. But the right man was on call all along and Jack Nicklaus kept a personal rendezvous by winning the prettiest—and in some ways the most important—U.S. Open Championship ever played. On the toughest course there ever was, he beat the best there are, Arnold Palmer and Lee Trevino, plus a few of the usual lurkers who would have had to wire their sixth-grade English teachers for a suitable quote had they finished first. He won when he simply had to win, he won spectacularly and he won at Pebble Beach, a golf course which on this particular week was as mind swerving as the serpentine 17-Mile Drive that leads to it.

Pebble Beach, in fact, almost played too great a role. For a while it appeared that the winner wasn't going to be a man, but the course. Pebble—good old monstrous Pebble, Double-Bogey-by-the-Sea-Pebble—won every battle, one-on-one, even with Nicklaus. It was absolutely the ruggeddest course of recent years for all four rounds, and the scores that it wrought in the 72nd Open from the very best players in the world more closely resembled those out of the early 1900s, when men used lucky shafts and swung in tweed coats, than anything in this broad-belt era.

Was that George Archer shooting 87 or Horace Rawlins? Was that Frank Beard shooting 85 or Old Tom Morris? Who are those guys? Where are we?

On the last day, Sunday, when a ripping wind produced the ultimate horrors, only Nicklaus could summon the patience and the game to cope with the

place. It seemed he had saved his best golf for the final round, when the course and the elements almost eliminated golfing skills in more normal men. And while that closing 74 of his for the funny old total of 290 will not look so dazzling in the record books one day, it should be stated here and now that under the circumstances it was as brilliant as any man ever shot.

Par is what the course and the weather dictate, to borrow from our Scottish ancestors, and the truth of the matter is that par at Pebble Beach on Open Sunday was 76.6. That was the average score of the 20 low finishers in the championship, of the men who were even remotely in contention. And of the actual nine men Nicklaus had to beat, or all of those within five strokes of him after three days, his 74 was the best.

All this came from the player who had already won the Masters and was supposed to win the Open in his quest for a modern Slam, taking the Big Four all in one year. This was step two in what his old Columbus, Ohio pals, who follow him around as faithfully as other Columbus citizens dog the OSU football team, have begun calling the Fan Slam, meaning they get to go to all these places like Augusta, Pebble Beach and now Muirfield in Scotland for the British Open and Detroit for the PGA, and rent all these hotel rooms and houses and buy up all the good beef in town.

Jack, as is his habit these days, got a

lot of history on the record at Pebble. It was his third Open title, but more important it was his 13th major championship, tying him with Bobby Jones. Here we go counting them one more time: three U.S. Opens, four Masters, two British Opens, two PGAs and two U.S. Amateurs. In his two championships this year, the Masters and Open, he has led or shared the lead in every round. Nobody ever did that.

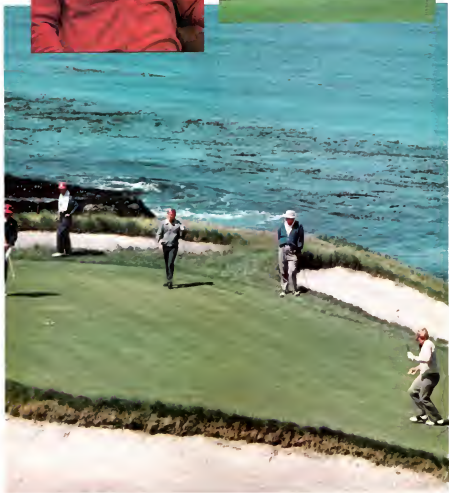
Does this then mean that Jack Nicklaus not only is going to accomplish the Slam but do so by leading every single round of all four championships? Well, no achievement seems beyond his grasp. He was immensely ready for Pebble Beach, and even though golf is such a delicate game and the odds of winning are so overpowering against one human being out there, Jack accomplished exactly what he set out to do.

Before Sunday, however, some wondered whether he had not been propped up by fate for a dismal disappointment. He had shared the lead on Thursday with five other players who no longer mattered. He had shared the halfway lead with Kermat Zarley (one of the five) and four new guys. He had emerged with a tiny lead of one stroke by Saturday night but there were a lot of people near him. For glamour, there were Trevino and Palmer, and for nuisance value there were Bruce Crampton and Zarley.

No one actually expected Zarley to win; he never has won much. And pitifully few hoped Crampton would win.

continued

Past periscopes and against the surging sea, smiling Jack played his relentless game. He just did miss this putt on the 7th green.





for he carries, rightly or wrongly, the reputation of a grump despite his fine style and the money he has won. As one competitor joked about poor Bruce, "He's only done three things wrong in his life. Get born, come to Augusta—and stay."

Obviously, the press and most of the fans were rooting for either Nicklaus, Trevino or Palmer, so everyone could call this the greatest Open ever played, which it was close to being. Sunday's pairings, strictly luck, put Lee in with Jack, which meant that Nicklaus was in a spot to be voodooed again by Trevino, who had whipped him at Merion last year in a classic head-to-head playoff. That was the day Trevino pulled out the toy snake and practically talked Jack out of the title, or so it seemed. And Lee was joking again at Pebble all week, even though he was in ill health for real, recovering from near pneumonia.

"The Bear thinks my pneumonia is a trick," Trevino laughed. Did Jack? Somebody asked him Sunday morning. "You think Trevino might throw a rubber bronchitis at you today?"

Nicklaus smiled. And with the confidence that only he has, he said quietly, "The only thing I'm going to throw at these guys today is my golf game."

No tricks worked for Trevino, although on the practice tee he tried, nevertheless. He kept hollering at Palmer, "Is your airline on strike? Your pilot told me he was tired of being huckled to Tijuana."

And when Nicklaus came out to hit a few balls before the final round right next to Lee, the defending champion immediately started intentionally topping three-woods, trick shot style.

"Look at that," Trevino chirped. "I can't get 'em up, Jack."

Nicklaus did giggle appreciatively, but he was not to be too distracted from the thing he had come to the Monterey Peninsula a week early to do. Like win.

For a while on Sunday, it looked as if it might be laughingly easy. Very quickly, everybody started making bogeys and double bogeys. And when Nicklaus made his only really long putt of the week at the 7th green on Sunday, a 25-footer for a birdie, he was even par and two strokes ahead of the field.

One of the reasons Nicklaus was up there at that point was that he had managed to avoid the quick catastrophe, the double bogey, even the triple bogey, or albatross, throughout. A man like Romero Blancas, for example, would have been up there, too, if it hadn't been for such things. Blancas made more birdies than anybody, even Nicklaus, but for the 72 holes of the championship Romero could look back on just four holes and see nine whopping strokes lost to par. He made three double bogeys and one triple, and wound up only five shots back of Nicklaus.

But now it was Jack's turn. Suddenly, midway in the last round, Pebble Beach finally and brutally got to him. A gust of wind lashed at him as he drove from the 10th tee, now with a four-stroke lead, and there went the ball, the Open, the Grand Slam, all the preparation soaring out to sea—or so it seemed. There Jack stood in wind-whipped splendor, exposed as mortal. He dropped another ball, mortal fashion, and fired his next shot. It was gale-tossed and oceanward again, ending up on the edge of a cliff, but playable. He went to fetch it, and at this point Pebble Beach had backed him to the sea. It added up to a double bogey. Palmer had a chance if a putt would drop. And Crampton was hanging in there. Even Trevino could rally.

It was then at the 12th hole, a par-3, that Nicklaus demonstrated his relentless courage. He hit what he thought was a perfect three-iron right at the flag. It struck the green 10 feet in front of the hole but simply zoomed past it, and then bore relentlessly down a steep slope and out of sight in thick ground cover.

As Jack walked onto the 12th green, he scowled at P. J. Boarwright Jr., the USGA's executive director who was refereeing, and said, "What'd you do with all the grass?"

Nicklaus was referring to the fact that on top of everything else that makes Pebble Beach so dangerous, the USGA, for the final round, had seen fit to roll and triple-cut the small, wind-dried greens, making them next-to-impossible to hold or putt.

Later Jack would say, "I went to bed Saturday night thinking I had to shoot at least 70 to win. But this morning when I saw the first green and the wind, I knew it would be a tough son of a gun and I'd have to have patience."

Nicklaus found his ball in a dreadful

lie on the 12th. He gouged at it, moving it slightly up the hill. He gouged again and sent it eight feet past the cup. That left him with a super character-builder, as they call it, to avoid another double bogey that might destroy his confidence totally. And although he could not know it, he was in danger of losing his lead altogether. At this moment two holes ahead, Palmer was lining up a makeable birdie putt which, combined with a Nicklaus miss on 12, would put Arnold a stroke ahead. As Palmer said later: "It certainly would have given me a more personal interest in the Open."

Indeed, this had been an extraordinary Open for Palmer. He began it with three straight bogeys and a 77, but exploded back into contention on Friday with a magnificent 68, a score nobody bettered in the tournament. A 73 on Saturday kept him two strokes behind Nicklaus.

For a while on Sunday it seemed possible that Palmer might catch his old rival. On the 1st hole, to shouts of "Go Arnie," he hit his approach seven feet from the flag. Thunderous cheers. Then he left the putt short. *Short.* Thunderous groan. He missed another birdie putt on two, but rolled in a 40-footer on the third, which put him just one stroke back. After that it was a struggle—he made no more birdies and finished with a 76—but then everyone was struggling out there, Nicklaus included, so that if Palmer could just sink his birdie putt on the 14th. . . . It didn't happen. Palmer missed. And Nicklaus did not miss.

If this single pressure stroke did not wrap up the championship for Nicklaus, then his classic one-iron to the 17th green must certainly did. Here is one of the killer par-3s in the whole world, and here was Nicklaus needing a safe par. Nothing more. Just a par.

He stood there for a moment, trying to stare down the wind, Bobby Jones, the Open, the Slam and none other than Bruce Crampton, who was still lurking. And then he hit a shot that made him look like a fighter who didn't want to win on points; he wanted a knockout. He hit the damndest one-iron in history and nearly made a hole in one as the ball screamed into the gale, cleared the ghostly bunker fronting the green, crashed down right at the flagstick and simply sat there, two inches from the cup—and two championships away from what could be one of the most astounding accomplishments in the annals of

continued

Lots of holes were off to ailing Lee Trevino, Bruce Crampton had something of a ball and sneezing Orville Moody tried Pebble missed

game playing. So ended Jack Nicklaus vs. Pebble Beach. Crampton finished second at 293, Palmer third at 294. Trevino and Blacnca had 295s.

In addition to the course, there were other hazards at Pebble during Open week. One was a thing called the 17-Mile Drive cocktail party. At various points along the Drive, there were affairs going on in private homes bordering the course. Some of them began at midmorning and when contestants stood over putts that demanded a certain concentration here would come—out of the woods—the cackling, clinking sounds of bloody Marys being poured into the minds of the peninsula's mindless. One could only assume the parties were being given by tennis or horseback riding fans. They were no fans of golf.

Then there was the wildlife. On the very first day a spectator got trampled by a frightened deer at the 2nd hole. The graceful animal leaped out of the woods, took fright at the sight of people, if not the USGA rough, whirled and pranced right over a poor man. It is said the deer in his confusion did a little dance step on the man's head and then found his way back into the trees. The man was not seriously hurt.

Overall, Pebble Beach as an Open venue combined two atmospheres. There on the sea with the wind and changing weather and the high rough, it had much the character of the British Open. But at the same time, being so close to Carmel's Dutch doors and overquaint restaurants and bars and galleries, there was a sense of a championship being staged at a rich man's Disney World.

At the course itself, the Del Monte Lodge had a stately look, one that it never has during the Crosby. There were candy-striped tents and little white picket fences sealing off the insiders—the committeemen, contestants, press and sponsors—from the hordes. The USGA must have loved Pebble for a number of reasons. Not many Opens have been held where the committee people could stroll out their front doors and see the 18th fairway by an ocean; and where, also, they could take a short drive and play golf themselves at Cypress Point or Spyglass Hill.

For all of the setting's advantages, though, Pebble Beach turned out to be a not-so-wonderful place at which to watch a championship. By the very nature of its design, Pebble Beach is fine for TV—two

dozen well-placed cameras can cover virtually the whole course—but a pretty awful spot for spectators. No fewer than 12 holes could be galled only on one side of the fairway because of oceans and private homes and such things. Also, because Pebble's greens for the most part are slightly elevated, only the first arrivals behind the ropes could see the roll of a putt. Next time—and there will certainly be more Opens at Pebble Beach—the USGA will probably rent and erect bleachers around the course so that everyone can better view all of those double bogeys and albatrosses.

There were specific reasons for some of the funnest scores ever posted in a major championship. The four basic ones were water, sand, grass and wind. Water, or rather the Pacific Ocean, was a factor on seven holes—the 6th through the 10th and then the 17th and 18th. Sand and the rough and the wind were factors on all 18.

The reason sand was such a problem is that the USGA filled the bunkers with loads of the stuff from Monterey beaches and then fluffed it all up. Shots dropping down into the bunkers plugged in. It was a miracle when anybody was able to get down from a trap in two.

The rough was not the most brutal the pros have ever encountered in an Open, but it might have been the toughest since Olympic back in 1955, again in northern California, where the grass in the rough is thick and tends to "cover" the ball. What the USGA did for—or against—Pebble Beach was take away a lot of driving areas the pros had been used to in the Crosby, forcing them to be more accurate.

Then there was the wind. It never blew wildly, as it sometimes does on, say, one day of the Crosby each year, but it swirled consistently throughout the four days—and from a totally different direction than in January. What this did was make Pebble a new course to the pros. For example, the Open wind helped on the rugged water holes, Pebble's own Amen Corner of the 8th, 9th and 10th, except for that odd moment Nicklaus suffered through on Sunday, but it hurt on the inland "coming home" holes of the 13th through the 16th.

The primary example was the 555-yard par-5 14th, normally a birdie hole during the Crosby. It was a monster at the Open. A double dogleg to the right with a roguishly bunkered green and a

tee shot into the wind, it became not only a nonbirdie hole but practically a nonpar hole. Any pro who hit a Crosby-type tee shot would have needed two slashing sand wedges just to get back to the fairway.

All of these things turned Pebble Beach's back nine into the oneriest challenge most of the pros had ever seen. Their scoring reflected the fact. Players of high reputation were absolutely embarrassed. There were more nines in the 40s than there were in the 30s.

A hook of case histories could be written about Pebble's atrocities that would make Edgar Allan Poe read like Nancy Drew. There were men who made birdies on Thursday around the early holes and got on the leader board and even held the lead who didn't make the 36-hole cut—because of the back side.

In the first round, Bunky Henry was one under par through four holes but finished the day 16 over with an 88. Frank Beard—a steady, tested player, right?—cooled Pebble in a swift 85-80. Archer's 87 was mind-boggling. And on and on it went, reducing touring pros to weekend hangers.

If all of this is a way of saying Pebble Beach was the real star of the Open, that's true. After all, only 10 men broke 300. Considering that Merion is maybe too short and Pine Valley is too tormentingly special, Pebble Beach might have proved that when it is in good condition, as it was for the Open, it is America's greatest championship test.

And it no doubt is a bit arrogant to say so, but Pebble did separate the ordinaries from the absolute best players there are today in both name and puck-etbook. Isn't that what a superb course and a big championship are supposed to do?

Now the burden grows for Jack Nicklaus. He goes next to Scotland, amid more pressure, more talk of the Slams, more intense preparation. Another rendezvous with who knows what. When it was all over at Pebble Beach Sunday night, it was left to that noble ex-king, Arnold Palmer, to say best what lies ahead for Nicklaus. "From now on," said Arnold, "he's going to have trouble even breathing."

END

He grimaced, he anguished, he strove mightily against Monterey Bay, but Arnold Palmer never caught the winning wind at the Open



MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL...

Who's the fastest girl of all? It began as a matter of vanity and led to a quarter-of-a-million-dollar match race. In the end, it was the photo-finish mirror on the winning post that decided the issue

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

A filly's heart defeated a mathematician's calculations in the richest match race in turf history—\$250,000 winner-take-all—at Hollywood Park last weekend. The heart belongs to a 4-year-old filly, Convenience, owned by Leonard Lavin of Chicago. The mathematician whose figuring did not quite pan out is Fletcher Jones, owner of Typecast, the 6-year-old mare pitted against Convenience. But Jones, president of the Computer Sciences Corporation, was only a matter of inches off in figuring the outcome of one of the finest match races ever run.

Historically, such events come on with a buildup that would make a fight promoter blush and then end as a bust. Seabiscuit beat War Admiral by four lengths, Armed trounced Assault by eight, and in 1955, Nashua finished 6½ lengths ahead of Swaps, ridden by Bill Shoemaker, who was again aboard the loser on Saturday.

But this match race was different. It almost died aborning, the promotion was spotty and the contest was spectacular. The basic idea originated with Jones after his Typecast, bottled up in traffic and carrying five pounds more than Convenience, finished second by half a length

to that filly in the Vanity Handicap at Hollywood Park on June 3. The next day Jones was in the game room of his Los Angeles mansion reading an account of the race in the Sunday paper when his sporting instincts were stirred by a statement of Willard Proctor, the trainer of Convenience. Proctor said his filly was as good as Typecast and Turkish Trousters, another very good filly who had finished in the money in the Vanity. Jones thought to himself, "If Convenience is that good, let's see her pick up the weight and race against us." On Monday morning Jones called James Stewart, general manager of Hollywood Park, to suggest a special race involving the three from the Vanity and possibly Chou Crouse, the top filly in the East. Each owner, Jones proposed, would put up \$25,000, and the race would show which was the best filly or mare in the country.

Stewart started phoning around. The owners of Turkish Trousters and Chou Crouse were not interested. Well, said Fletcher Jones, how about a \$25,000 deal between Convenience and Typecast. "He put it as a challenge," recalled Lavin on the eve of the match. As the phone calls went back and forth the ante kept

increasing. Finally it was decided the owners would each put up \$100,000 and the track \$50,000. The race was to be at a mile and an eighth at level weights, 120 pounds. The only conditions Lavin insisted on were that it be a fast track and that if either horse were not fit, the race would not go.

The 52-year-old Lavin could afford the \$100,000 gamble on Convenience. He is the president and largest stockholder in the Alberto-Culver Company, a giant in mass toiletries, household products and foods with interests in 62 countries. He got into racing in 1966. Three years later he bought Convenience for \$32,000. A big filly with a massive rear end, or "power house," as one trainer put it, she was too fat to race at two. At three she had nine starts, four wins and finished in the money every time. At four she has gotten better. Prior to the match, she had six victories in nine starts, a second and a third. The one time Convenience was unplaced she pulled up in the stretch when she shied at the sight of the starting gate. At the time she was leading by 1½ lengths; she finished fifth.

By contrast to Lavin, Jones has a reputation in racing circles for being aloof if not arrogant. A very private person, he collects paintings and Georgian silver, buying at auction under a different name "to keep a low profile." As handsome and mod-attired as a TV private eye, he regards comments about his personal appearance or life-style as not being pertinent. He does not suffer a fool gladly and the press rarely.

A Texan by birth, he worked his way through Duke, and then, after studying statistics and probabilities, headed for California. In 1959 he and a partner formed Computer Sciences, which now has 8,000 employees and has put together computer systems for such disparate clients as the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, the Panama Canal and New York's Off-Track Betting Corporation.

In 1964 Jones bought his first racehorses. "My stimulus for getting involved was the intellectual aspect of

Pacesetter Convenience digs in for the falling closing challenge of Typecast on the rail





Fletcher Jones shows strain of stretch run.

breeding and racing," Jones says. "Certainly one can't get into it for the emotional appeal, because there have to be more losers than winners in a race. One must play quality and numbers so that the probabilities work for you."

Jones purchased Typecast for \$22,000 as a yearling, and she won her first race at three, coming from off the pace. She seemed to lack early speed and did not win her first stakes race until last year as a 5-year-old. But she gained consistency thereafter under Tommy Doyle, the latest trainer retained by Jones. Going into the match race, Typecast had earned almost \$300,000 and was becoming known for her belated rushes.

For a Hollywood extravaganza, the Typecast-Convenience duel stirred up surprisingly little fuss, except on Saturday when a crowd of \$3,515 showed up. Indeed, the grand opening of a used-car dealer's lot out on La Brea Boulevard would have gotten more ink. The principles in the race either weren't around or were keeping their mouths shut. Lavin spent most of the preceding week in Mexico and Chicago on business and flew into town only the night before. Relaxing in his suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel with his wife and daughter, Lavin said, "I happen to think we have the best filly in the country, and that's why we're running." However, he would say nothing about strategy for the match. Convenience's jockey, Jerry Lambert, a quiet Kansan, made himself scarce. The only one of the filly's clan who would allude to any strategy at all was Proctor, who on Friday allowed that the horse that took the lead "would have

the best of it. I'd rather be in charge than not be, but for God's sake don't print that now." Proctor added, "The filly's doing fine. So far, I'm satisfied. If she gets beat, it's my fault—Mr. Lavin hasn't been training her."

Over in Jones' stable Tommy Doyle was not talking at all. Shoemaker was unavailable. That left Jones, who was at his stud farm 120 miles away. Late Saturday morning Jones flew in to Los Angeles. He was not going to the track until shortly before the race, but he set aside time to talk candidly and precisely, as only a mathematician can. "In our operation," Jones said, lighting up a cigarette in the game room, the very place he had gotten the idea for the race, "we tend to disavow some of the old wives' tales in the business. For instance, a lot of farms in Kentucky wear and gold by the sign of the moon. And there are a lot of other backstretch maxims. Such as today, 'Speed will win the race.' I think this doesn't bear the weight oldtimers give it. If a speed horse like Convenience is tackled and forced to fractions that are realistic, the closer will nail him or her if the closer is a better horse. The pace has to be realistic, so the closer will have the ability to make up the distance and challenge at the quarter pole. The clock will be in the jockey's head. When the gate opens and the pace begins to make itself known, then and only then can we begin to speak about the results. That's why we got Shoemaker. He is a masterly judge of pace."

"We would like to see Convenience go in 45 or 46 seconds to the half," Jones continued, "because if she does, we can outfinish her. All of this assumes no untoward events occur. If the pace were very slow, say 48 for the half mile, she would have a lot of foot left, and our chances would diminish but not disappear. When we look that filly in the eye at the end she'll have to reach down into her heart, because Typecast is a fine closer."

What if Convenience set a dazzling pace? "If she goes in 44," said Jones, the numbers clicking in his head, "she can be 20 lengths in front and we'll nail her. If she goes in 46 and is five lengths in front, we'll have problems, but Shoemaker is not going to let that happen."

While Jones was speaking, Lavin was having a happy time at the track. His Product Test won the second race, paying \$25.60, and he took that as a good

omen. When the match race started Lavin and Jones watched from box seats near the finish. Typecast, the 2 to 5 favorite in the betting, broke first from the gate but Convenience moved to the lead. At the half-mile pole Convenience led by a neck, and the time was 46½ seconds. All right so far for Jones.

In the far turn Convenience opened up by 1½ lengths. Jones was not concerned. Shoemaker had eased back to give Typecast a breather so she could make her late run. At the top of the stretch Typecast began her move just as Jones had predicted. As the crowd screamed, Shoemaker narrowed the gap. But it was not enough as Convenience, reaching down into her heart, hit the wire first. The photo sign went on, which prompted another roar from bettors watching from various angles up and down the track, but the picture showed Convenience the victor by a head. Her time was a speedy 1:47½.

In the winner's circle Lavin accepted Jones' congratulations and a check for \$250,000. He praised Proctor's training and Lambert's ride. "Jerry rode the horse beautifully," Lavin said. "And the strategy was Proctor's, to make the mare run to the filly."

Meanwhile, back on the farm to which he split, to use his own term, Jones had no regrets. As he had put it earlier that afternoon, in a moment of statistical introspection, "The scenario doesn't always work out the way one would like. For every decision there is a contradiction."

END



Winners Lavin and Lambert maximize delight.



TWO CATCHERS CUT FROM ROYAL CLOTH

In any era exceptional receivers who can also hit are great rarities.

Today's baseball boasts both Johnny Bench, the Cincinnati home-run slugger, and Pittsburgh's exuberant Manny Sanguillen **by RON FIMRITE**

Behold the catcher: a drudge, a human bull's-eye, the backstop, the roadblock. He squats there on his haunches, graceless, stolid, ridiculous. Burdened with armor, he seems an anomalous figure who comes to his game from some other, more warlike, endeavor. In truth, he is a goalie arresting missiles, a linebacker stopping runners. He is a ruffian on the diamond.

But if pitching is the heart of baseball, catching is its mind and soul. How slanderous that the catcher's accessories should be known as "the tools of ignorance." He is, as any catcher will attest, the smartest man on the field. Connie Mack was a catcher. So was Branch Rickey, and so was the late Moe Berg, who was also a scholar of renown, a lawyer, linguist and international spy. Five catchers—Del Rice, Yogi Berra, Ralph Houk, Charlie Fox and Del Crandall—manage major league teams today. Catchers Berra, Houk and Mickey Cochran own pennants their very first years as managers. What is managing anyway but handling pitchers, and who can do that better than a catcher?

Still, brains are not enough. He must also be big, strong, agile, durable, aggressive, congenial, intuitive, courageous and, with regard to physical suffering, stoical. Small wonder, then, that there are so few who merit immortality. Too many ingredients go into the making of them. And it is the catcher's perennial lament that no one understands the re-

spect. "If you can hit the ball," says former catcher John Roseboro, now an Angel coach, "they call you a great catcher." But some hitting catchers cannot catch a cold or throw the ball back to the mound without a relay man. Hitting is merely frosting on the catcher's cake. A good catcher who is also a good hitter is as rare as a shutout in Boston. Those who are both have busts in the Hall of Fame.

Super catchers of this sort seem to appear in 20-year cycles, one of which we now are in. The '30s had Gabby Hartnett, Mickey Cochrane and Bill Dickey; the '50s, Yogi Berra and Roy Campanella—Hall of Famers all. And now, in the '70s, we have Cincinnati's Johnny Bench and Pittsburgh's Manny Sanguillen, who, young as they are—Bench is 24, Sanguillen 28—seem cut from the same royal cloth.

Bench and Sanguillen are easily the class of the modern field, although there are many in the first rank below them—Detroit's Bill Freehan, Cleveland's Ray Fosse, the Mets' Jerry Grote, the Yankees' Thurman Munson, Oakland's Dave Duncan, the Cardinals' Ted Simmons, Boston newcomer Carlton Fisk. But all are somehow incomplete. Fisk, Duncan and Simmons need more experience. Munson and Grote are inconsistent hitters. And Freehan and Fosse, who are closest to full accomplishment, have been victims of the catcher's occupational hazard—crippling injury. Fosse has had the index finger on his right hand broken three seasons in succession. His left shoulder was shattered in a memorable collision at home plate with Pete Rose in the 1970 All-Star

Game, and this season he already has been hit in the throat with a foul tip, bruised on the thigh by a charging base runner and plinked on the calf by a Nolan Ryan fastball, which is a bit like being hit by a piece of shrapnel. Freehan suffered with typical stoicism agonizing pain in his back for several seasons until surgery fused his detached vertebrae in September 1970. Last year, though he caught more games than any other catcher (144), he had trouble throwing with his accustomed speed and accuracy. This year he seems to be approaching his old form, although a broken thumb handicapped him for several weeks.

Injuries are endemic to catching. The Cubs' Randy Hundley, once one of the game's finest, nearly had his career terminated by knee injuries. He missed virtually all of last season, and though he is back now he is a more cautious workman, realizing that one collision at home plate could be the end of him as a major leaguer.

As Fosse says, "A catcher who doesn't get hurt has had a good year."

Bench and Sanguillen have been remarkably free of injury and, except for Bench in 1971, when fame seduced him into a few bad habits, both have had nothing but good seasons. Although they differ markedly in style—Bench for all his glamour is cool and apparently unflappable, Sanguillen is wildly demonstrative—they are as near to the ideal as a catcher can hope to be. Both have exceptional throwing arms and extraordinary ability behind the plate. They have rapport with their pitchers and are quick to find a hitter's weaknesses. They have,

Bench cocks the arm that imparts any would-be base stealer, and Sanguillen, on the move as always, springs around third en route home

continued

in baseball parlance, "soft hands," which means they do not fight the pitch but gather it in, much as a receiver in football accepts a pass. They are intelligent and even-tempered and given a bat they hit like fury.

Bench has more power—more power, almost, than anybody—but Sanguillen will hit for a higher average and he has unusual speed on the bases for a catcher. And since they play in the same league, they have divided the catcher fancies into two camps, much as Dickey and Cochrane did before them.

"Johnny just does things other catchers can't do," says Bench's manager, Sparky Anderson. "We have a boy on our team, Bill Plummer, who can throw as hard, but there is no one who can come up throwing quicker than John. Nobody ever really steals a base on him. Unfortunately, he is at a disadvantage because we have so many inexperienced pitchers. If we had pitchers who could hold a runner, we'd never have any bases stolen at all. Johnny will grab a ball that is inside and be in a throwing motion all at the same time. He has a way of fielding a bunt in front of the plate so that as he picks it up he is bounding back to throw. And he makes the play at the plate better than anyone. He just takes the plate away from the runner. That's physical strength, of course, but there's a technique involved, too."

Bench's mostly one-hand reach-and-grab style of catching is much in vogue now. Some coaches, Pittsburgh's Don Leppert among them, feel it is a more effective way of handling bad pitchers than the old shift-the-feet-toward-the-ball style. Fosse and Hundley even hide their throwing hands behind their backs for protection, catching one-handed almost exclusively. Frechan, however, is a two-hand traditionalist.

Though young in years, Bench is almost a father figure to Cincinnati's kid pitchers. "He calls a game well," says Gary Nolan, a spry veteran of 24. "He stays on you."

Outsiders have speculated for years what it is a catcher says to a pitcher in those periodic conferences on the mound. When the Reds' Jack Billingham faltered slightly in his march through the Philadelphia batting order in a 2-1 win last week, Bench sauntered out for a gummet meeting. Afterward Billingham was asked what Bench said.

"He told me," said Jack, "to bust my butt."

For all his size—he tops 200 pounds—and authority, there is a gentle aspect to Bench. In Billingham's victory Bench accounted for both runs with a sacrifice fly and his 17th home run. The homer, he said later, was for his grandfather, Pearl, who was seeing him play for the first time that week. Above his locker is a collection of keespie dolls inscribed with such reassuring messages as "Cross my heart, I love you" and "I'll drink to that." These say something of the softer side of the first catcher ever to lead either major league in home runs. Bench hit 45 homers in 1970, and his current pace seems to be carrying him into that range again. He got No. 18 Saturday.

Catchers don't often lead leagues in any batting category. Only two in this century—Ernie Lombardi in 1938 and 1942 and Bubbles Hargrave in 1926—have ever won a batting championship. No American League catcher has ever won either the home run or batting title. But this year Bench and Sanguillen, who has been leading the National League in hitting, could combine for an unprecedented catchers' triple crown.

Bench, like most catchers, feels he could hit for a much higher average if he were not required to catch. The Cardinals' Joe Torre is an obvious case in point. As a catcher he was a .300 hitter, as a third baseman last year he led the league (.363). "I know I could concentrate more on my hitting if I was playing in the outfield," Bench says. "A catcher is always in the game. He has to worry about the next hitter coming up and what to pitch to him. And there is always the question of the wear and tear physically."

Yes, infielders and outfielders have so much more leisure. In a recent game he played at first base while his thumb was healing, Frechan was able to beat out an infield roller and stretch a single into a double. His legs were looser, he explained, thus he could run faster. Squatting is not a natural position; it tends to tighten the leg muscles.

Many catchers are routinely given brief respites from their labors behind the plate, although Fosse, for one, complains of boredom when he is obliged to play elsewhere. Roger Bresnahan, Christy Mathewson's receiver on the old,

old New York Giants and first of the super catchers, played every position on the field at one time or another, even pitching in nine games. Bench has played first base, third base and the outfield, but he would rather catch, sharing Mickey Cochrane's view that "the greatest thrills in baseball are behind the plate." Then, too, Anderson is loath to move "the best catcher in baseball" to a less responsible position.

As convinced as the Reds are of Bench's superiority, they are no more positive about it than the Pirates are of Sanguillen's status. In Pittsburgh they speak of their Panamanian catcher's "intangibles," one of which is his unabashed enthusiasm for the game.

"The most important asset a catcher can have is the desire to catch," says Coach Leppert, himself a former catcher. "Let's face it, catching is not for the timid. A lot of players have the tools, but they don't like being hit with foul tips or wild pitches and they don't like those collisions at the plate."

Sanguillen endures these hardships with a smile on his face and a bounce in his step. His ebullience is sometimes mistaken for that cardinal baseball sin, hot-dogging, but not by those who know him well.

"A pitcher's first inclination when he sees somebody acting the way Manny does," says the Pirate pitching ace Steve Blass, "is to knock him down the next time he comes up. But Manny is no hot dog. He just enjoys playing, and he shows it."

Sanguillen has much more than mere esprit. "He's deceptive," says Blass, "in that he puts more into catching than people realize. You tend to think of him as a hitter who can throw well. But he can spot my own weaknesses before I can. I pitch from a three-quarter delivery. If I drop below that, I'm in trouble. Manny notices any little change. In the seventh game of the World Series my slider wasn't working at first, but Manny didn't give up on it. You can't do that with a pitch. It started coming around in the fourth inning and he called for it 80% of the time the rest of the way. The Orioles had seen how bad it was earlier and were surprised."

That Sanguillen is playing with both enthusiasm and sagacity is not as surprising as that he is playing at all, for baseball was the one game that did not

continued



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interest him in high school. When he did finally get around to it, he became a third baseman. He did not become a catcher until he was 21, and it took him a while to adjust.

"It was too much work," he says. "It was hard for me to call the different pitches, hard for me to even glove the ball. I had a lot of trouble with my fingers. And I was flat-footed. But I worked hard. Now I like it. I just do my best. I don't compare myself with anybody else. I don't tell myself I am the best. There are a lot of good catchers in this league."

But comparisons with Bench are inevitable, just as they were 40 years ago with Cochrane and Dickey, who played, as Bench and Sanguillen do now, on pennant contenders. Sadly, Cochrane's career was cut short at 13 seasons when he was beaned by the Yankees' Bump Hadley in 1937. That misadventure fractured his skull.

And there are those who contend that Hartnett, the old Cub, was better than either Cochrane or Dickey. "To me Hartnett was the best," says Charlie Fox, the San Francisco Giant manager and former catcher. "He had that great arm, the best. He was a clutch hitter and he had power. He called a great game, and he'd come out there with that big Irish face and make everybody happy. He was wonderful for the game."

"For what they're making now," says the 71-year-old Hartnett today, "I'd catch 24 hours and clean up the park afterward."

If Gabby has his garrulous backers, so do the others. Casey Stengel holds out for Bresnahan, and some catching punts, disdaining the big hitters, opt for defensive marvels like Jimmie Wilson, Jimmy Archer, Del Crandall, Jim Hegan or Wes Westrum. And what of Josh Gibson, the black catcher who never played a major league game but is in the Hall of Fame and is regarded by some experts as the best of them all? How about Campy? Or Yogi?

Indeed, there is something about a catcher that inspires loyalty. He is the man with the dirtiest uniform on the field, and his fingers are inevitably shaped like pretzels.

"It is not a glamorous position," says John Roseboro, "but it is the most interesting place to be. I do not hesitate to recommend it."

END

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HELLO THERE, TV SPORTS FANS!

We get so uptight about the way the damned thing is going that we just hunker over to '21' at lunchtime, suck on a few olives and do a face-down in the Caesar salad."

That is the voice of the television executive, sweating out a change in TV sports coverage throughout—well, in parts of—the land. In some areas of the country, most notably the East, a new format has evolved, and management is waiting to see how it is going down with at least two generations of viewers brought up to believe that television's job in relating the sports news was merely to give the scores, tell who hit the home runs and shove a microphone into the winning coach's face for 30 seconds of banalities before turning over the rest of the show to the weatherman. Virtually every station has followed that format religiously since the 1940s, but no more. Overall news coverage on television has changed, and some segments have changed much more than others. Movies, theater and art are the most prominent examples. Broadcasters now actually go to openings, and give a judgment only moments after returning to the studio—once TV was too unsure of itself to do that. And now the "Happy Time," television's name for the sports spot on the news, has also changed its approach. Instead of giving all those scores from all those places involving all those teams in all those leagues, television is trying to present selective sports coverage, plus an editorial point of view, in order to increase both ratings and impact. These days a sports fan will hear some scores, news of a few of the normal, day-to-day franchise shifts and then become aware of a "waraw!" (type creeping across the bottom of the screen) saying COMMENTARY. This may turn out

to be anything from a diatribe about the morality of sport to an analysis of how dissension is tearing up the old hometown team.

In deciding on this innovation, TV brass had relatively little to go on. The handling of sports on the early and late news programs has always been an enigmatic task for station managers, news directors, anchormen and sports announcers alike. For starters, even the number of people who tune in to news shows solely for the sports is a moot subject—it is generally assumed that only 25% of those watching television news care deeply about sports and that the rest of the audience is more interested in local news and what is happening around the nation. Also, in the early evening, when few sports events are completed these days, the news programs run an hour. During the late evening, when most things seem to happen in sports, the news shows run for only 30 minutes. This time limitation, more teams, more games, more players and different time zones, have combined to make it difficult for television to compete with newspapers and radio as any kind of encyclopedic compendium of sports results.

Despite all this, in most cities the local sports newscaster is apt to be the best-known TV celebrity (excluding the heavyweights of the evening network news shows—the Cronkites, Chancellors, Brinkleys, Reasoners and Smiths) on any news program. The sports newsmen on local stations attain a following that causes the ends of the anchorman's razor cut to bleed. In many cases they climb above the anchorman in pay, even though the top anchors draw salaries in six figures. Bob Hosking, the vice-president and general manager of WCBS-TV in New York, says, "You might think that we get an avalanche of requests to come to New York and do

the sports news. That isn't the case at all. Many sports news announcers are so well known in their local areas that they can make a great deal of money doing several different things. Heck, I don't think that we get more than two or three applications a month for jobs in New York."

Examples of wealth and fame attained by sports newscasters at their home bases are easy to come by. Wes Wise, for one, moved from a television sports spot into the mayor's chair in Dallas. Salty Sol Fleischman, a venerable announcer in Tampa, was named that community's outstanding citizen in 1969. John Kennedy of WJZ-TV in Baltimore has caused so much controversy among Maryland audiences that people argue fiercely in local bars about what he has said at 6:30 and 11:20. According to Alan J. Bell, the station's general manager, "Kennedy is irreverent and sassy—a fan's fan." Pat Summerall of WCBS-TV in New York has become one of the most respected sports newscasters on television because he writes his own shows, originates many of the ideas for the sports department and can conduct an interview without intruding his own personality on that of the athlete interviewed. Today Summerall is perhaps the top-paid man in the field, working under four different contracts, one with CBS radio, one with WCBS radio, one with WCBS-TV and a fourth as a broadcaster of live events for the CBS television network. He is probably moving toward the \$150,000-a-year bracket.

A former placekicker for three National Football League teams, Summerall is widely considered to be the most proficient of many former athletes who work the Happy Time. Two of the most famous American athletes also at work on TV and still playing are Len Dawson, quarterback for the Kansas City Chiefs, with a highly rated show *continued*

SALTY SOL. Fleischman gets it all together in Tampa from behind a gold-flicked microphone

How do you like your sports cast? The medium's moguls have been giving it a lot of thought lately, and have been looking around for new ways to hook the other guy's audience **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

in K.C., and Rick Barry of the New York Nets who does spots on WABC-TV in New York. WABC-TV also employs Jim Bouton and Frank Gifford; the latter works for ABC network radio and TV as well.

Altogether, there are some 700 sports announcers and they form a strange group of egos, instincts, temperaments and talents. Some try to make the viewer feel that they alone are giving off the hard blue glow of high purpose, others are nothing more than overt shills for the sports event their station is showing next or the local promoter's product.

"I believe you have to concentrate on local spots, and that usually doesn't leave too much time for anything else," says Pittsburgh's Bill Currie. Known for years as "the Mouth of the South"—he did play-by-play broadcasts from North Carolina—Currie is now the sports director at KOKA-TV in Pittsburgh where, counting his radio work, he does 33 commentaries a week. Currie went to KOKA because the money was better than he had been making. "Hell," he says, "when I was in the newspaper business I'd change jobs for \$5 a week, so you know the way I think. My sports reporting is questionable, but as an entertainer I know I haven't hurt our ratings. My folksy, homespun bit is contrived because this is my purpose; the man thing is to keep them from turning you off." Not all announcers are so self-assured, and among them there is a continuing debate over the roles they play. Are they reporters or readers? Experts or showmen?

"I'll admit that I am a hell of a ham," says Sol Fleischman. "I guess I have always been one. I got hold of a microphone 45 years ago and nobody has been able to get it away from me yet."

On the set Fleischman wears an old blue yachting cap at an oblique angle and sits behind a huge, ornate gold-flecked microphone dating back nearly half a century. Fleischman wears the cap for identification—and also because he is bold. He felt when he moved from radio to TV that he might lose his job because the glow from his head would reflect into the camera; to allow oneself to go bald is a mortal sin for television announcers, and some these days take vacation time to get their transplants.

Fleischman has a loyal audience of nearly a million viewers of WTVT-TV

in Tampa (one of five TV stations owned by E. K. Gaylord of Oklahoma City). He knows how to go after news, and on some of his segments on the early evening *Pulse News* he gets as many as 15 items into the show. He starts his day in his small office at WTVT surrounded by all kinds of memorabilia, photographs and trinkets. On a bookshelf is a blue volume given him by Gussie Busch, whose St. Louis Cardinals train in nearby St. Petersburg; the title is *Everything I Know about Radio and Television* by Sol Fleischman, and the book contains nothing but blank pages. Fleischman's desktop normally has a pile of letters from fans, friends and promoters suggesting stories for the show. His phone rings throughout the day, with people offering story ideas, asking favors or telling him just how well or badly they thought he handled his most recent show.

Out of this seeming chaos Salty and his young, energetic assistants, Andy Hardy and Kenny Gonzalez, bring—well—chaos. It is entertaining chaos—and a more effective presentation than some major metropolitan stations seem capable of achieving. Instead of putting together a firm script for the news, as is the practice at most stations, Fleischman likes to wing it. Film crews are assigned to shoot the day's stories, and they will go out after as many as six different events in a single day, sometimes for the CBS network as well. "I have virtually total freedom," Fleischman says. "Sure, we overshoot some things and others just don't pan out on occasion. But most of the time it seems to work for the best." With one-word reminders in front of him he delivers the news. It is indeed brisk, and not always grammatical. No matter. Sol touches the bases, uses the film, gives the scores, tells where the fish are biting, who signed the contracts and who got fired. In some ways it has about the effect a light show would have on an audience of cave-men.

"I got my first job as a sportscaster in an odd way," Fleischman recalls. "I was a drummer with a small musical combo in high school. We used to play at the radio station in downtown Tampa. In those days the station used to broadcast football games from the studio. The play-by-play would come in to the announcer from the press boxes at various stadiums by wire and he would read it off and invent things to make

the games more interesting for the listeners. While he was waiting for plays to come in, our combo would play things like *Betty Good* and *On Wisconsin!*"

"Well, we were into the second game of the season and the announcer at the time was feeling pretty sick and by half-time he was too ill to go on. The station manager asked if anyone in the combo could handle the rest of the game, and the piano player in the group pointed at me and said, 'Sol has a big mouth and he never shuts it anyway. Why not let him do it?' And I went on. That day I knew that I wasn't going to let go of the microphone!"

Salty handled the play-by-play of the first radio network broadcast of a major league baseball game ever to emanate from the state of Florida. (He also once broadcast a nightclub show live while the back room was being raided by the police for housing illegal gambling equipment. "When I got through, only the band and three waiters were left.") Wherever Fleischman goes—St. Petersburg for a round of golf, Clearwater for spring training, the Anna Maria Yacht Club, where his well-equipped 22-foot Mako sport fisherman is docked—people go chasing after him, yelling his name and demanding his autograph. "I love every minute of it," says Salty.

Sol Fleischman has been delivering his own opinions for years, but it was not considered "commentary" of the formal sort now coming into vogue. News-casters have always made a point of avoiding commentary of the latter kind because the possibilities of conflict of interest are huge; how far they will now go with it should be interesting to watch. Will a man on CBS, for example, really knock the NFL when the network has so much talent and money invested in Pete Rozelle's playpen? Kennedy, in Baltimore, listened to Don Meredith, Frank Gifford and Howard Cosell do a Monday night pro football game last fall on ABC, and even though Kennedy's station is an ABC outlet, he referred to them as "Larry, Moe and Shemp"—the Three Stooges of old movies. In an industry which seldom criticizes itself, this was an interesting gambit and it drew chuckles from Baltimoreans (the network did not register any objection). On the other hand there is KMBC-TV in Kansas City, where Len Dawson has

continued

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a loyal following. He and John Sanders, working alternately, have about three minutes of air time on the six p.m. show and another three at 10 p.m. "Frankly," says Sanders, "we gear our sports news to the Chiefs as much as we can because we have Dawson and regard him as a big asset in going after the ratings. Dawson can say things with authority that others can't, but of course there are also certain things others can say which Dawson, as a member of the Chiefs, can't." There are some knowledgeable sports fans in Kansas City who watch Dawson interviewing his teammates and get the feeling that the procedure resembles a *Meet the Press* show on which Ron Ziegler is interviewing Richard Nixon.

Don Keough, news director for the city's WDAF-TV, has watched Dawson and does not want his station, constantly in competition with Dawson's for second place, to be playing Indian to the Chiefs. "We hired Jack Harry [the sports newsmen on WDAF-TV's evening news show] because he is a good reporter," Keough says, "but somebody like the Kansas City Chiefs doesn't want to deal with reporters: they want to deal with cheerleaders. It's our policy that our sports reporters will not be cheerleaders for anyone. We are banking on the idea that viewers don't like to see a television station play patry to anyone, including the Chiefs."

As news director, Keough has felt at least one of the strong-arm methods used by sports promoters to try to influence television's coverage of the news. Last Thanksgiving WDAF had planned a show on artificial turf, an idea triggered by plans to install an artificial surface at the new \$54.6 million Truman Sports Complex. For years Kansas City's Municipal Stadium has had the best-kept natural playing surface in sports, and when word got out that the playing areas at the Complex were to be artificially covered by 3-M, the subject caused more debate in Kansas City than in other arenas which have had their bull parks carpeted with fake grass. WDAF felt there was enough intrinsic news value in the subject for a panel discussion in which groundskeeper George Toma was to take part, but when the Chiefs heard about it they were annoyed and forbade Toma to appear. The station decided to stand up to the Chiefs, but the

team's assistant general manager and overseer of public relations, Jan Schaaf, was unavailable to WDAF spokesmen on the telephone. So Announcer Harry went with a cameraman to the Chiefs' headquarters, where Schaaf eluded them by retreating into a machine room. Irritated by the episode, Chief representatives threatened to bar the station's reporters from the press box at future games and warned that interviews with Chief players might stop.

WDAF showed Schaaf's retreat to the machine room on its evening newscast, much to the displeasure of the Chiefs, who belatedly produced a reason for their high-handed behavior. The team explained that it had decided on the use of artificial turf, had let contracts and, since work had already started, it saw no reason for a discussion of "a conjectural issue." The station broadcast the Chiefs' answer, maintaining that all it had ever wanted was a sensible explanation of the club's reasoning, and the panel discussion was broadcast without Toma. It was one of the rare occasions when television failed to knuckle under to sports promoters.

Attempting to manage the news is not a brand-new undertaking for the sports Establishment, but Frank Snyder, 33, sports director at WOI-TV in Des Moines, takes it as a compliment. "We've got so much trouble trying to fend off professional promoters, colleges and high schools who want more exposure that we know we must be influencing somebody," he says.

Snyder himself was involved in a pretty good example of how to manage the news last fall. "The Iowa State University athletic department wanted to do something to promote its football team, the best it had had for some 10 years. I was asked how they could get some exposure so that their players would get votes on All-America teams. I told them to send no-sound film to the networks with prepared scripts—that way the guy at each network who narrates the film from the script gets a talent fee. Obviously, he will then push it for video tape feeds to local stations. Sure enough, such feeds on Iowa State were offered by all three networks, and I wouldn't exactly call Iowa State a national power.

"Offer no-sound film and you have it made. I'd say that the local sportscasters

should rely heavily on their own film, but the rub is that most local stations have a limited number of filmers. You have to be lucky to cover everything in your area that deserves it."

One of the stations able to follow this precept is WTVJ-TV in Miami. The sports department produces 19 news segments a week: a two-minute show at noon on weekdays plus five minutes for both the six p.m. and 11 p.m. news every day. The department has a staff of nine—reporters, cameramen and soundmen—covering what it believes is most important, and about 95% of its sports news coverage originates in Dade (Miami) County.

"I was with this thing from its inception," says Bernie Rosen, the WTVJ sports director. "When television started in 1949 here at WTVJ the sports show was five minutes in length and consisted of the stories I'd seen that morning in *The Miami Herald*. Our station had no contacts at all. No one called us. We just duplicated what was in the *Herald*. Then I decided that wasn't the way to do things. Over the course of many years we've developed our own contacts. We have our own reporters, and now we practically go the other way."

"Sometimes the *Herald* has good stories, sometimes we do. It's to everybody's advantage and all to the good."

WTVJ shoots as much as 7,000 feet of film a week and seldom uses more than two or three "feeds" a week from CBS in New York. The feeds are a subject of far-ranging debate with many local sports staffs. To many sports newsmen they are often little more than irritating and time-wasting fillers. The most widely heard criticism of them is that they are too New York-oriented.

Al Ackerman, of *The Detroit News'* WWJ-TV, an NBC affiliate, says, "Who gives a [bleep] about the East! If they ever had a guy like Alex Karras in New York they'd go apoplectic!"

In Milwaukee, WITI's Earl Gillespie, on the board of Career Academy's broadcasting division, has been named Wisconsin Sportscaster of the Year seven times. "You've got to have video most of the time or else it's just radio," he says. "ABC feeds us some stuff, but I'm not happy with it. We get next to nothing on the NBA, and ABC is carrying the game on Sundays."

In some parts of the country a strong

continued



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sports segments on a newscast can be invaluable to a station trying to buck outlets with the major networks in their corners. The most successful of these is WGN-TV in Chicago, the nation's most powerful independent station. WGN's handling of sports on the 10 p.m. news is, overall, the best going. Because WGN telecasts more live sports than any station in the country it can easily edit down the highlights of the sports day and put them on the air so that the fan gets a good look at why a team won or lost.

WGN will use sports in its lead-ins on the nightly news show and sometimes carries 10 minutes of sports on the 30-minute program. "On an ordinary night," says Jack Brickhouse, vice-president of the company, manager of sports and Chicago's best-known sportscaster, "we can give sports an extra break. But not on 'big-news' nights. You have to recognize that important general news is more important than important sports news."

It is a Chicago habit to tune to WGN radio and WGN-TV to find out about sports. Even the seven a.m. television show for toddlers, *Run, Runner and His Friends*, carries baseball and hockey highlights to start youngsters out in life with the idea that WGN is where to look and listen for news of sports. WGN-TV does all the Chicago Cub home and most of the road games; WGN radio broadcasts all 162 of them. It shows the road games of the Black Hawks and half of the road games of the Bulls on television and does Bear football on radio. It is the flagship station for the Cubs, broadcasting throughout the Midwest, and every other station in Chicago is restricted by contract from showing more than 90 seconds of Cub action at night. "The other stations monitor our live telecasts pretty closely," says Brickhouse. "We have a game in which one of our guys is pitching a no-hitter and we'll mention it along about the sixth inning. By the eighth they will have camera crews pulling up in front of Wrigley Field."

Brickhouse, who is also a director of the Cubs, admits that he does not hold a stopwatch on the other stations to see how much of a Cub game is being shown. "I have gotten the feeling from time to time, however," says Brickhouse, "that they're pushing that 90-second limit pretty close."

Continued

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The process of exchanging filmed highlights is still a fairly new item in the sports news business. Stations crisscross on exchanges, and no money ever seems to change hands. The consideration given when a segment of action is picked up is merely a credit across the bottom of the screen or the announcer crediting the other station. During some of the weekends in October, when college and pro football and baseball are in hot competition for more time, exchanges are made in vast numbers.

Indeed, it can look as though there were more cooperation between stations on these occasions than there sometimes is between news and sports directors on the same show.

"There is no doubt in my mind," says Gil Stratton, an announcer at KNXT-TV in Los Angeles, "that there is a lot of built-in resentment, nationwide, among news directors when it comes to sports. They view all sports as one story, not as several stories. Baseball, football and basketball are all one to them. They don't consider politics, business and entertainment all one, but they do sports."

Barry Tompkins at San Francisco's KPIX-TV, the highest rated of the three major stations in the Bay Area, says, "I don't think anybody in the country is doing nearly as much as should be done with sports news on television. Maybe around San Francisco we're as advanced as anybody, but in my opinion there is no best sports news commentator in the country."

Ed Hart, formerly of San Francisco's KRON-TV, looks at the future and sees another development. "Sports fans," he says, "are like opera buffs: very dedicated. I got more mail and reaction than the entire news department. My problem was not what to use, but what to leave out. There is so little time."

In all of the confusion of these efforts to streamline the Happy Time, the most distinct developments so far are the new focus on local sports and the regular use of commentary. Just how well the public is reacting to these shifts and innovations remains to be seen. The viewer, of course, has the final answer at his fingertips. "If the public doesn't like this way of handling sports," one announcer says, "that clicking sound we will be hearing out there won't be coming from crickets."

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WILD SHEEP IN A WOOLLY LAND

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

It is beautiful country where New Mexico Artist Peter Hurd lives and paints, where Joe McKnight, like his father before him, raises sheep and where Joe's exotic Barbaries, once a hobby, have become a thriving game population

There is a stillness just before dawn in the mountains of southeastern New Mexico that sets this Peter Hurd country apart. The winds sleep late. No sound of bird or beast disturbs the quiet. Shadows move through the ends of night, changing shape as they probe still-blackened canyons. Then daylight rushes into the valleys and along the ridges, arriving everywhere at once.

The air in the morning is misleadingly cool, offering no hint of the scorching heat that will come before noon. The wind and weather are master deceivers, altering course as capriciously as the clouds that pattern the sky. In a region where annual rainfall is only 16" and

water is more precious than oil, flash floods can turn dry arroyos into sudden rivers. Winds gone abruptly berserk can rip away the land's cover, hurling it into the sky with such violence that it blacks out the sun. Snow or hail can spew suddenly from the skies, punctuating otherwise sun-filled days with exclamation points.

The mountains themselves do not have the stark look of the Tetons, nor the massive stone monuments of the Rockies. Their silhouettes seem almost pastoral, shaped with curves instead of angles—a deceptively gentle scene. And, as is much else in this wild land, its game is unique. Looking closely at the arid, treeless, shale-covered mountaintops, it is not easy to imagine any animal living here. But in this inhospitable terrain the Barbary sheep not only lives but thrives.

The Barbary (*Ammotragus lervia*) is not a native here, although it might be called a naturalized citizen since the state of New Mexico declared it an official game animal in 1955. Its modern range is the mountainous country of North Africa, but its origins in pre-Pleistocene times reach back to Eurasia. Like the wild sheep (native) of North America, which also emigrated from Eurasia, the Barbary arrived in North Africa during the glacial period.

In the last half of the 19th century, European parks and zoos discovered the aoudoud, as the Barbary is also called,

and clamored for it because it bred so well in captivity and adapted to varied climates. In December 1900 the first Barbary was shipped from Liverpool to the Jersey City zoo, which neglected to import a mate for it. Fortunately, both the New York Zoological Park and the National Zoological Park of the Smithsonian Institution were more farsighted, and within five years each had small but prospering herds. Today every sizable zoo in the U.S. has Barbary sheep, virtually all derived from those two original herds.

If the Barbary has done well in captivity, it has done even better in the wild. Peter Hurd's longtime friend and neighbor, Joe McKnight, released the first Barbary sheep in New Mexico 30 years ago, establishing the nucleus for what has become one of the most interesting game-animal populations in the Southwest. McKnight was then, and still is, a sheep rancher. Sheep were his heritage and his life. In 1901 his father, Judd, drove 1,100 mortgaged sheep 400 miles from Eldorado, Okla., across the Texas panhandle to the Hondo Valley. Half a century later his ranch, El Chato, could boast 20,000 sheep and 200,000 acres of the "best damn sheep country in the world."

At 91 Judd McKnight is one of the legends of southeastern New Mexico, as tough, determined and visionary as he was 70 years ago when he homesteaded



in the shadow of El Capitan. He raised his five children here, in an era of the West when the weak perished and the meek inherited nothing. His second son, Joe, proved neither weak nor meek, and in his day he has become as much a part of the history and character of New Mexico as his father.

Joe's appearance borrows a good deal from the land in which he lives. Sun and wind and six decades on the range have lined his face so that he looks older than he is. His blue eyes are permanently squinted, his chin is invariably stubbled and his dress at all times is a wrinkled cotton coverall. Cowboy boots and a sweat-stained Stetson complete the ensemble.

Joe McKnight's speech and manner,

continued



The mountain crests are curved rather than angled, making the scene deceptively gentle.



Even with good binoculars it is possible to pass over a group of Barbaries and never see them.

WILD AND WOOLLY *continued*

like his dress, are almost stereotype Western. He drops his g's, muddles his tenses, sprinkles his stories with frontier philosophy, all of which might convey a certain cowboy illiteracy. But if one listens closely to the rambling recollections and unending anecdotes, there emerges a sensitive, highly intelligent individualist, a man of enormous self-reliance and wisdom.

In the field, watching Joe repair a windmill, round up stock or stalk a sheep, it is difficult to imagine him in his many other roles—as a Boy Scout regional executive with the Silver Beaver Award, mounted patrol sergeant, two-time Lincoln County commissioner and president of the southeastern New Mexico state library association. But of all his many activities and interests, the one Joe clearly enjoys most is watching Barbary sheep.

"Those sheep have given me more interesting hours in the past 30 years than any animal around," he says. "It's not enough for a man to ranch only for his stomach. He has to ranch for his mind and his soul, too. I used to look at that land out there and think that it was mighty big for just woolly sheep and deer. Used to be wild horses on it, but they were long gone. Seemed as how there was space going to waste. The woolly sheep didn't need it. The deer didn't need it. And a man just needs so much stock and then he doesn't need any more. I figured I'd like to get me some animals for watching."

Joe bought his first Barbarians—a ewe and two rams—in March 1941 from the St. Louis Zoo for \$10 each. One of the

continued



Day rushes in, arriving everywhere at once.





There is no comfortable way to reach the lair of the Barbary; this country is so rugged that it can be traversed only on foot or horseback.



Joe McKnight, sheepman, watches some Barbaries on a distant ridge



Over the years the Barbary's color has gotten lighter, now it blends with the rocks and the brush.

rams died soon after reaching New Mexico. The others were put in an enclosure on Joe's 11,000-acre ranch at Picacho. That fall Joe added a mature ram and two lambs—a ram and a ewe—from the San Diego Zoo. He expanded the enclosure to 2,000 acres and put in 40 domestic ewes to see if the wild species would breed to them.

"They didn't," Joe says, "but at that time nobody knew what they'd do. I couldn't take a chance on one of those rams getting out of the fence and crossing with the neighbors' stock. Hell, I would have had to buy up all those lambs."

At its peak, Joe's Barbary herd numbered over 300 sheep, prompting members of the New Mexico game department to set up camp on his ranch to study them. By 1950 there was sufficient evidence to convince the game people that they wanted to stock some Barbaries. Joe provided the state with 12 from his herd and he personally hauled another 45 animals from the Hearst ranch in California to the wilderness country of northeastern New Mexico where they were released.

There, only five years later, among 80 miles of gorges and canyons, some more than 1,000 feet deep, in country so rough it can be traversed only on horseback or on foot, the Barbary sheep began the second stage of its history in the wilds of the new world. It became legal quarry, the only imported big-game animal ever to be so designated by a game department in the U.S. Since then Barbary herds from McKnight stock have been established in other parts of New Mexico and in Texas, which has had a legal season on the sheep since 1963.

For many hunters the wild sheep of the world are the ultimate challenge, both because of the terrain in which they are found and because of their extraordinary ability to elude enemies. In such select company, the Barbary can hold its own with any of the wild sheep of this continent. It is so fleet of foot, so acute of eye, so adept at disappearing into the landscape that it can evade virtually all predators except man. And as its burgeoning populations suggest, man has not thus far proved too formidable an enemy.

A big, barrel-bodied sheep, the male

grows somewhat larger here than in Africa, averaging 250 pounds and sometimes going over 300. The Barbary has short, stocky legs, stands 36 to 40 inches at the withers and has heavy, muscular shoulders that are taller than its hindquarters. When alarmed it holds its forequarters erect, lowers its head and tucks in its chin, much like a West Point cadet at attention.

The Barbary's heavy, lyre-shaped horns do not grow into a curl as do those of American wild sheep, nor do their tips become becommed or worn down with age. Both sexes have horns, but the male's are longer, heavier and of greater spread. The largest recorded Barbary horns in Africa measured 34 inches in length, 14 inches in circumference at the base and had a maximum spread of 32 inches. Several heads have been taken in New Mexico with horns only fractions smaller, and biologists believe that it is a matter of time before a new world record will come from this side of the ocean.

In addition to a dark-tipped mane that extends from its neck to beyond its withers, the Barbary has an abundance of long, silky hair that grows in profusion from under its chin, across its chest and down its forelegs. The effect is that of a cowboy's chaps. The Barbary's chaps are lighter in color than the rest of its body, which has in New Mexico become a tawny, reddish brown. "Those first sheep were much darker—real chocolate color," Joe recalls. "That's the color they are in Africa. But over the years here, their color has changed, gotten lighter, so now it exactly matches some of our brush. The color blends so perfect with the country that you can look right at one of them sheep and not see it."

Even with good binoculars and infinite patience, it is possible to glass over a group of Barbaries and never see them. A hunter unfamiliar with what he is looking for stands no chance at all, and most hunters remain unfamiliar for quite a while. Here again the New Mexico landscape conspires with the sheep against the sportsman.

The first time I hunted Barbaries with Joe McKnight, it was at least a full day before I was able to put the sheep into proper perspective. Distances were so distorted that instead of looking for

midgets among the rocks I was looking for Goliaths. An elephant would have appeared small in that deceptive terrain. The slope across the canyon looked near enough to drive with an eight-ton. When a group of sheep finally appeared on it, I was astounded at how far away they actually were and at how tiny they seemed.

Even when placed in proper scale, the sheep were still tricky to see. One day I watched one lie down alongside an outcropping of rock, and vanish. Another time a ewe and two lambs tiptoed into a scraggly bit of bush that seemed inadequate cover for a field mouse. I could not find them again for more than an hour. Then, apparently alarmed by something, they bounded from the bit of bush and fled over a ridge. On their heels came seven more ewes and lambs. Minutes later two rams emerged from the same bit of noncover.

Several times we spotted rams that from a distance appeared to be trophies. Often such stalks took hours, only to end with the ram long gone. Other times we were luckier. Then, winded and perspiring, we would drop behind a rock and study the head.

"Not bad," Joe would say. "Fellow could do worse than put him on the wall." Shifting into shooting position, I would begin to bolt a cartridge into the chamber of my rifle. "Of course," Joe would add, "he ain't the biggest old boy in these parts." Out would come the cartridge. Crouching down lower in the rocks, we would watch the ram go on its way, mentally cataloging its horns for future reference.

At least five times in that week of day-long climbing we passed up respectable rams for the big one Joe kept talking about. And then, on the last day, we saw it. Joe did not have to tell me that this was the biggest old boy. It crested a ridge on the opposite mountain, a group of smaller rams and ewes behind it, its great horns held high, the shimmering hairs of its chaps so long they almost touched the ground. The rams we had passed up earlier seemed insignificant next to this one. We watched it trot off down the far side of the ridge as grandly as it had first appeared, never close to being in range. But there would be another day, and that old boy and I would meet again. **END**



Somebody at Union College in Schenectady, N.Y. has a dash sense of humor. The college awarded an honorary doctorate of laws degree to former Celtic star **Bill Russell** last week. The citation read: "Time does not dim or abate with the record of your achievements..."

★ NO GOLD MEDALS HERE! exclaimed Britain's *Daily Express* following the first public showing of the 1972 Olympic uniform for the British team. The men's outfit features unflared white slacks and navy blazer—"this year's version of Dad's old trilby," remarked the *Express'* **Jeann Rook**. The British women will wear box jackets, box pleats and straw boaters—"likely to go down in Munich like a badly thrown hammer," added Miss Rook. London Designer **Vera Turner** defended her creations as having "a slightly royal look." Right, said Reporter Rook. The dress "would look charming on the Queen Mother."

Some of the world's heavy environmental thinkers gathered in Sweden last week for a U.N.

conference—nicknamed Woodstockholm—on how to save the planet. U.S. representative **Shirley Temple Black** told the conference she would like to see women given a bigger role in environmental matters, and in fact she proposed a slogan to cover such a grouping: Earth's Better Half. If that struck some delegates as a bit chauvinistic, there's always the old standby, Earth Mothers.

To sell or not to sell? That seems to be the question in Los Angeles, where one of sport's blue-chip properties, the NFL Rams, has become more or less available since the death of **Donner Dan Reeves** last year. The president of the team, **Bill Barnes**, says the caretaker management is talking with "a number of groups, and we're making progress with some." Among those mentioned as possible buyers (for an amount said to range between \$16 million and \$20 million) are **Carlos Roemer**, a landscape architect, and **Hugh Culverhouse**, a Florida attorney. One rumor has a prospective buyer planning to move the club to Jacksonville, Fla., to which an NFL official said, "Forget it." Whoever gets the club, and whatever the price, it does not look like a high-return investment. "What that franchise will earn," said a tax attorney, "no man would accept from his favorite bank."

For the first time ever, the Dodgers have retired uniform numbers. Last week three went in one fell swoop—those of **Roy Campanella** (39), **Jackie Robinson** (42) and **Sandy Koufax** (32).

Meanwhile, **Don Hutson**, the nine-year All-Pro end for the Green Bay Packers, had his number retired twice. Twenty-one years ago the Packers removed his No. 14 from competition. New Coach **Dan Devine**

didn't know about this, however, and awarded it to rookie **Jerry Tagge** when he was signed this spring. Devine found out about the earlier retirement, put the number back in mothballs and sent Hutson a gift—a new No. 14 jersey. "Good," says Hutson. "I seem to have lost the last one I had."

Film Actor **Ryan O'Neal**, once of *Love Story*, has become a fight manager. **Welterweight Hedgemon Lewis**, who is jointly sponsored by O'Neal, **Bill Cosby** and **Robert Goulet**, won the "world's championship of New York" by taking a 15-round decision from **Billy Backus** in Syracuse Friday night. O'Neal certainly doesn't dress his new part. In fact, he's probably the world's first fight manager to wear blue jeans, a Grateful Dead T shirt, a What's Up Due? arm patch and a McGovern button.

The Rev. **Bob Richards**, who won two Olympic vaulting medals back in the days of stiff poles, has offered any modern vaulter \$10,000 if he can exceed his mark of 15' 6" using the old pole.

That proposition includes **Richards'** son, **Bob Jr.**, 22, who has already cleared 17 feet using fiber glass.

The saga of **Denny McLain** gets more curious by the pitch. Now a player for the **Birmingham Barons**, the former 30-game winner popped up in Savannah, Ga., recently on a road trip. Instead of sharing the same motel with his teammates, McLain chose to reside in a \$75-a-day suite at the Savannah Inn and Country Club as the nonpaying guest of Executive Director **Lou (The Tailor) Rosanova**, a former Chicagoan with underworld ties. McLain, who still gets his major league salary of \$75,000, said of life in the minors: "It's great until we have to go to the ball park."

★ Former light-heavyweight champion **Archie Moore** doesn't devote all of his time to the youngsters of his **Any Boy Can** organization. Here he looks over the boxing style of his son, **Hardy Moore**, who shows all the signs of being another... well, Archie Moore.





Usher's Scotch Whisky - 40 Proof - Brown-Ferran Bottling Corp., Louisville, Kentucky © 1979

1853 was a very good year.

Gourmets know that you can make or break a fine meal before it starts. You should, therefore, select your before-dinner Scotch as carefully as your dinner wine.

In 1853, the perfect dinner Scotch was born. Usher's, the very first light Scotch. Usher's Green Stripe is a subtle, sophisticated, superbly light Scotch. It accentuates a chef's magic.

Other light Scotches came along after, of course. But Usher's remains light-years ahead. The original. The perfect dinner Scotch. Request Usher's Green Stripe at finer dining spots. It stands to reason, where the food is better, the Scotch will be, too.

USHER'S GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH

The original light scotch.



The Pussycat. The orange-sweet sour that mixes up as quick as a cat. Barender's favorite Pussycat Mix and Early Times make it purefect. Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store. To get 4 Pussycat glasses,* send \$2.95 to: Early Times Pussycat Glasses, P.O. Box 378, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. *offer valid only where legal—limited time only

**Is Early Times really necessary in your Pussycats?
Anything else, and you might wind up with an alleycat.**

Hurry, scurry and—oops

Favored Arizona State, a team noted for its pell-mell style—and a remarkable record—ultimately raced to defeat in the NCAA tournament

To Jim Brock, Arizona State University's rookie baseball coach, his team's 1-0 loss to Southern California last Friday in the championship game of the 26th annual NCAA tournament at Omaha meant more than just some heartbreak for his men; it was a sorrowful setback for the fast, crisp, "modern" style of play he preaches.

"It does seem like the things we try to do are always on the side of right," Brock had said after his Sun Devils beat Southern Cal 3-0 in their first meeting of the lose-twice-and-you're-out tournament. This was not an allusion to the fact that State had a remarkable .331 team batting average for the season, or that it had outscored opponents by 8.68 to 2.33 runs per game, or that it had won 60 games while losing only four prior to Omaha—the highest season victory total ever amassed by any college team in any sport.

Certainly these accomplishments seem solidly on the side of right, but what Brock had in mind was the fresh, almost revolutionary, approach to the game that makes Arizona State baseball stimulating. For the last 14 seasons, first under Bobby Winkles and now Brock, ASU players have been taught always to keep cool, never debate an umpire's decision, never bench-jockey and, above all, always to hustle—everywhere. The pitcher sprints out to the mound—and sprints back. ASU batters have made an anachronism of the term walk. When a fourth ball pitch sails by, they run to first as if logging out a grounder. After striking out, ASU batters pivot sharply and race pell-mell back to the dugout.

"It's a really fine system," says Pitcher Jim Crawford, a 6' 3" senior left-hander who has been drafted by the Houston Astros. He had a 12-1 season but was the luckless loser to Southern Cal in the final. "In pro ball it's the pitcher who usually slows up the game, and so running to the mound speeds things up. Your infielders will play better if

they don't have to stand around a lot. It's also much better for the fans."

The go-go game trend is catching on. Each year ASU faces more and more teams that hustle the same way, which isn't exactly a surprise considering the team's recent record. Since 1965 the Sun Devils have won three national championships and have had five seasons in which their victory total has topped 50 games. When Winkles signed on as first-base coach with the California Angels last winter, Brock was a natural successor. His teams at nearby Mesa Community College had won two national junior college titles adhering to a similar philosophy. In addition to a congenial system Brock also inherited talent. This included the best college pitching in the country and a junior shortstop, Alan Bannister, who hits with power and is probably the best college player in the land; he drove in 89 runs in 64 games. With Bannister and other consistent hitters (including Maury Wills' son Bump), their fine pitchers, real speed and their vaunted hustle, ASU ran up a 32-game win streak and even defeated the Angels in an exhibition game.

Meanwhile, out on the Coast, the Trojans, NCAA champions in 1970 and 1971, had injuries and player losses to the pros, but they still won 45 games (losing 12) and got to Omaha anyway.

"There are other clubs with better personnel, especially pitching depth," said Brock before Arizona State's decisive game with USC, "but what they have going for them especially is a mystique—a long winning tradition that helps them when the pressure builds."

Much of this tradition has grown up under Red Dedeaux, an extrovert who has made a fortune in the trucking business while moonlighting as USC baseball coach since 1942. During that time the Trojans have won eight NCAA championships.

"We never go out on the field with

any thought of losing," said Pitcher Mark Sogge. "We feel the other team can't beat us unless we make mistakes, and we don't make many. We win when it counts."

The Sun Devils endured many an anguished moment as the games sped by. ASU's usually freewheeling hitters went into a deep freeze at the plate and could push across only eight runs in their first five games, four of which they won on superb pitching: 2-1 (in one hour, 45 minutes), 1-0 (2:02), 3-0 (1:58) and 1-0 (1:45) before losing the first rematch to USC by 3-1 (2:37). So the teams were tied with 4-1 records, and a third meeting was needed to determine the winner. Brock saw it as a clash between two wholly different baseball philosophies. "They play what I would call the old-fashioned professional style," he said. "Good execution, ride the other team, argue with the ump. We're the new trend."

Unfortunately for Arizona State, its tournament-long problem—failing to strike the ball with the bat—proved more important than game theory. USC scored the contest's only run in the third inning on a wild pitch by Crawford, while ASU stranded clusters of base runners. Russ McQueen, a sophomore, pitched five beautiful innings in relief of Sogge, winning the game—and an unprecedented third straight NCAA title for USC.

"I can hardly believe I've done it," McQueen said afterward. "I was so tense I tried to get superrelaxed by pretending that I just didn't give a damn."

Now there is a baseball philosophy that worked.

THE WEEK

by RON REID

NL WEST Before the season began, it was Johnny Bench's stated intention not to up his cap to the fans after hitting home runs this year, but the applause of euphoric Cincinnati has changed his mind. Ripping and tipping for the divisional leaders, Bench blasted three homers, the third being No. 18, and lifted his RBI count to 50, both figures tops in baseball. His RBI output was 11 shy of his entire 1971 production. Winners in 27 of their

continued

last 33 games, the Reds began the week with an 11-1 triumph at Montreal that concluded an 11-1 road trip. And after three successive victories over Philadelphia they beat the Mets 8-2 before 51,617—the second largest crowd in Cincinnati history.

Houston matched Cincy's 5-1 splurge and dropped Los Angeles to third place. Jerry Reuss faced only 31 batters in a six-inning against Montreal. Fired \$100 for throwing his helmet over a fourth-inning strike call, Jim Wynn struck back with an 11th-inning homer to beat the Phils 1-0, and he helped do them in again at a subsequent game with his 10th of the season.

The Dodgers, averaging less than two runs per game over their last 12, had one victory to show for five road games. That one came at St. Louis, where 34-year-old Manny Mota stole home and helped with a sacrifice in a 2-1 win. Errors also plagued the Dodgers as Frank Robinson, among others, dropped a fly ball.

Henry Aaron homered on successive nights for Atlanta, moving two ahead of Willie Mays on the all-time list, to 651. Sixty three to go to Ruth. Rico Carty extended his hitting streak to 18 games and Ron Reed threw a shutout as the Braves went 4-3.

San Diego's 4-3 win over St. Louis ended a 10-game losing streak, and the Padres played to the same score two days later at their first win at Chicago's Wrigley Field since 1970. Atypically, the Padres also beat Pittsburgh, on Nate Colbert's 13th homer.

The highlight of the lowly Giants' 3-3 week was Sam McDowell's 3-1 victory over the Pirates. Pitching in his hometown for the first time, Sudden allowed Pittsburgh but five singles.

CIN 30-30 HOUS 22-23 LA 32-24
ATL 27-28 SD 19-27 SF 20-43

NL EAST With everyone but the hot boy hitting .300 or so, it was merely a matter of time before Pittsburgh went into the lead. That the Pirates took over first place when they did, however, was due partly to their only slumping batter and partly to a penchant for winning doubleheaders.

It was on Thursday that the Bucs passed the Mets, with a twin defeat of the Giants—their fifth straight sweep of a doubleheader—against whom Bob Robertson got three hits in four at bats. He had been hitless since June 2 and was batting .113. The next day Steve Blass (8-1) threw a three-hitter at San Diego, returning 16 Padres in succession along the way. Pittsburgh also beat the Dodgers on a Roberto Clemente home run.

The Mets fell to a mirror image of Pittsburgh's 4-2 week, marked embarrassingly by two losses reminiscent of their formative years. Both occurred in Atlanta, where Tommie Agee borrowed one of 'Willie Mays'

gloves and proceeded to drop fly balls that cost games on successive nights. It was not all bad, however. Bud Harrelson tripled and scored the winning run on a wild pitch in a 2-1 triumph over the Reds.

Chicago's Billy Williams celebrated his 34th birthday by smashing back-to-back homers against San Diego for the feisty Cubs. He kept on celebrating with another against the Dodgers and had five homers and 10 RBIs in a four-day period.

For the Cardinals, Lou Brock celebrated his 33rd birthday a few hours early with a sacrifice fly that drove in the winning run against the Giants 4-3. Earlier in the week Brock beat the Dodgers when he singled home a tie-breaking run and robbed L.A. of a score with a superb catch.

Montreal's pitchers continued to look for hitting support and mostly failed to find it, although Mike Torrez pitched a three-hitter to beat Houston and the Expos scored four times in a ninth-inning rally that defeated Atlanta 7-4.

Philadelphia was a winner once in six games thanks to Steve Carlton's eight-hitter that topped Atlanta 3-1.

PIT 33-19 NY 30-39 CH 31-32
ST. L. 24-31 MONT 22-32 PHIL 20-35

AL WEST Unaccustomed as they are to home crowds exceeding 11,000, the Athletics reacted in comatose ways one night to a sellout house of 50,000. That was when the A's got four hits and a long case of power failure. The malady lingered on until the A's had a four-game losing streak. Ken Holtzman proved the stopper on Friday, however, as the A's beat Cleveland 5-0. It was Holtzman's 10th win. The game also produced Reggie Jackson's 13th home run. Rookie Dave Hamilton beat Gaylord Perry for his fourth consecutive victory Saturday, and the A's were talking World Series once more.

Chicago, slung again by a peculiar road jinx, suffered a 3-0 loss to the Yankees which ended a six-game win streak and marked the first time in 30 days that Dick Allen did not reach first base at least once. Rebounding at Boston, the Sox got a 5-4 victory sparked by Bill Melton's seventh homer of the year while Wilbur Wood became baseball's first 11-game winner.

Minnesota's scoring deficiencies caused Bill Rigney to start rookie Danny Monson at third base the day after a 3-0 loss to the Orioles. Monson responded with two hits, but he also got picked off third base with no outs, and Minnesota lost 4-1. In four losses the Twins scored just four runs.

Late innings were dramatic for Kansas City, which won five of six. Of the Royals' last 78 runs, 67 were scored after the fifth inning started. In a 4-2 win over Boston, Kansas City's ninth straight at Fenway Park,

the Royals scored four times in the ninth. Amos Otis hit .500 during the week and John Mayberry drove in nine runs in his last three games.

Thanks to the Royals, California fell to fifth in a 2-4 week that included 28 consecutive scoreless innings. The Angels beat Cleveland twice, however—by a single run each time. Texas played at .500 for the second week in succession, and Pete Broberg pitched a three-hit shutout against Skip Lockwood of Milwaukee shortly after receiving an A.B. degree from Dartmouth.

OAK 30-17 CH 32-31 MIN 22-23
KC 30-38 CAL 30-30 TEX 22-23

AL EAST With hitting that was, if not awesome, Detroit stayed dead even with the Orioles in what may continue to be an exciting divisional race—especially if the suicide squeeze is Manager Billy Martin's favorite gambit. "The suicide squeeze is baseball at its fullest," Martin said after one such had scored Ed Brinkman with the winning run in a 3-2 game at Minnesota.

Detroit won five of six games but scored no more than three times in any one of them, unleashing Martin's acerbic tongue at the batting cage. The bunt-scoring Brinkman gave Mackey Lolsch his 10th victory, and Joe Coleman shut out the Angels with a three-hitter.

The Orioles had a nine-game win streak at week's end, and Oriole pitchers needed relief only once. Against the A's, Pat Dobson beat Vida Blue 1-0. Only one Oakland player got past first base. Then Dobson threw his fifth straight complete game to beat Minnesota 4-1. Weaver also cheered a seven-hitter by Mike Cuellar, who hit a homer, too, a four-hitter over 10 innings by Dave McNally and Jim Palmer's sixth win in a row.

Cleveland heard tales of clubhouse dissension as the Indians lost five of six games and Manager Ken Aspromonte raged at Gaylord Perry when Perry failed to obey a bunt sign. First Baseman Chris Chambliss was the lone source of cheer, hitting .300 in his last 23 games.

With a four-game win streak—their longest of the year—the Yankees moved into fourth place after winning a doubleheader from Texas. They had taken two out of three from Chicago to win their first series since May 25.

Boston, playing .500 ball for the second straight week, got homers from Danny Carter and Carlton Fisk in a win over Kansas City, and Fisk homered again, against California. Poor Milwaukee extended its losing streak to nine straight.

BAL 30-33 DET 30-32 CLEV 23-27
NY 34-28 BOS 22-27 MIL 18-34



Can you find the electric wires in this picture?

That isn't really a fair question.

You'd need X-ray vision to see the electric wires in Columbia, Maryland.

Columbia is a new city, planned in detail before a shovelful of earth was moved. One of the first things planners settled on was underground electricity. General Electric helped the Baltimore Gas & Electric Company do it.

Until recently, underground electricity was economical only for the downtown commercial areas of larger cities.

But that's changed. Greatly. It's estimated that by 1975, 70% of all distribution wires to new construction will be underground.

GE helped bring on the change by designing new kinds of underground equipment. Transformers and cables, for instance, that can withstand harsh underground conditions for years on end.

General Electric is also working on ways to spruce up the looks of overhead power distribution systems. And on nuclear plants to help cut down on air pollution.

There's a lot to be done for cities, old and new. GE is helping.

**Men
helping
Man**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Squirt. The soft drink that moonlights as a mixer.

There are times you couldn't care less that Squirt has no artificial color or flavor in it.

Still, it's a fact of life that Squirt is a natural soft drink. Made from real live grapefruit.

Which also makes it a

perfect mixer.

Squirt's dry. And tangy. Made for gin. For vodka. For rum. For whiskey.

Squirt gets along just great with all of them.

Every couple should be so compatible.

Squirt.

Our secret ingredient grows on grapefruit trees.

Five hot days and close to 2,500 balls had been used up last week in the NCAA tennis championship before it came time for the singles final Saturday morning. The bleachers flanking court No. 1 at the University of Georgia in Athens were jammed with spectators risking sunburn, and hundreds more naked chigger bites to watch from the steep hillside above one end. The pair of tanned finalists, both as taut as racket gut—and both from Trinity University—were introduced. One was four-time All-America Dick Stockton, a native of Garden City, N.Y., the top seed. Across the net: sophomore and two-time All-America Brian Gottfried from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Stockton's roommate. After approximately 90 practice sets against each other, they had traveled all the way from San Antonio, Texas to play an intrasquad match for the national championship. Ridiculous.

It was that kind of happy hogwash week for the Trinity Tigers, NCAA runners-up the previous two years. They marched into Georgia as heavy favorites, winners of 36 dual matches in a row, so strong that their No. 4 player, Paul Gerken, was picked for the Davis Cup team.

Tennis Tech lived up to its publicity handouts. There were 185 men from 56 colleges entered in the singles, but four of the eight quarterfinalists were from Trinity. Trinity's No. 3 man, Bob McKinley, won the Osuna Memorial Trophy for sportsmanship, competitive excellence and contributions to tennis. The Tigers clinched the team title Friday morning and when Stockton beat his pal Gottfried in four sets Saturday the team point total rose to a record 36. And Trinity achieved something else of note: it was the first time in 13 years that USC or UCLA did not win the tournament.

Actually, Trinity's only stiff competition came from a third California school, Stanford, which had beaten UCLA in a dual match this season for the first time in 30 years. Stanford's most impressive weapon was the first serve of lefty Roscoe Tanner, a junior from Lookout Mountain, Tenn. This particular shot sends linesmen scattering for cover. Tanner and teammate Alex Mayer reached the singles semifinals before

Hail the Trinity twosome

It was a heaven-sent week for Tennis Tech at the NCAA championship, and it ended in a grand splash of sunlight—an all-Trinity final



WINNER DICK STOCKTON (RIGHT) AND HIS OPPONENT-TEAMMATE, BRIAN GOTTFRIED

losing to Stockton and Gottfried, and teamed up to win the doubles, beating Trinity's Gerken and Gottfried Saturday afternoon.

But the show was Trinity's, and nobody enjoyed it more than Coach Clarence Mabry, the architect of Tennis Tech. Mabry grew up in Alice, Texas, an oil town 40 miles from Corpus Christi. In Alice, a backhand is what your daddy gives you for being smart-alecky. As a

boy he sold what he thought were enough *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions to earn himself a bicycle and he mailed off for it. The *Post* disappointed him by sending a tennis racket instead. His high school did not even have a team and Corpus Christi was the nearest place to practice. Nevertheless, Mabry became the state high school champion, Southwest Conference singles and doubles champion for the University

—Continued

of Texas and an NCAA doubles finalist. After graduation he worked as a safesman in San Antonio and dabbled in semipro baseball and weekend tennis tournaments.

In 1956 he became the coach at Trinity, a small Presbyterian school built on the site of an old rock quarry. (A sheer, 40-foot stone bluff bisects the pretty campus.) His first team was a gathering of local municipal-court habitués, three of whom were sons of bus drivers. From that beginning he has built a small empire. He is now part owner of the T-Bar-M tennis ranch in New Braunfels, Texas, where Australian John Newcombe is the pro, and he has a stake in a posh indoor club in Dallas. His Trinity Tigers have had 17 winning seasons, and his program is self-supporting enough that when the school administration decided to stop giving athletic grants-in-aid starting in September, tennis was exempted.

But one goal that had eluded Mabry was an NCAA championship. He had missed as a player and a coach, though the latter failure was partly his own fault. In 1963, for instance, Trinity was felled to the rim of its rocky cliff with talent, including the country's first- and second-

ranked amateurs, Chuck McKinley and Frank Froehling, plus Cliff Buchholz and Butch Newman. Mabry elected to skip the NCAA's and instead take his aces to Wimbledon, where McKinley won. McKinley and Froehling went to England every year and never saw the NCAA tournament.

Trinity finished a close second to UCLA the last two years, and with four All-Americans returning Mabry knew he now had his best shot at first place, especially since UCLA had lost two undergraduate stars, Jimmy Connors and Haroon Rahim, to the pros. Still, he took no chances. For the three nights before departure, he had his men come to his house for steak dinners. Since school was out, he knew they would subsist on cheeseburgers and French fries otherwise.

The matches were held on recently resurfaced Laykold Courts, just like those at Tennis Tech. The tourney director, public-address announcer, publicist and seller of slightly used match balls was Georgia Tennis Coach Dan Magill, who grew up near the campus. As a youngster he did not sell *Post* subscriptions; he tended the school's old red-clay

courts. In the depths of the Depression he promoted what promised to be an epic battle there: a fight to the death between a king snake and a timber rattlesnake—admission one dime. The only trouble was the reptiles were so afraid of the spectators, or each other, that they would not fight or even let out a respectable hiss. Magill gave no refunds.

The death struggles in this latest Magill promotion were somewhat more satisfying, especially to Trinity. Perhaps the most surprising was between Paul Gerken and Miami's Eddie Dibbs, the tournament's No. 2 seed who had been unbeaten in singles all season. Indeed, he had lost only one set. Gerken beat him in the fifth round 6-2, 6-2. Dibbs had suffered a stomach ailment before the tournament started, but the upset still was a much-needed morale booster for Gerken, a handsome, husky blond who is so shy the linesmen bark at him. He had played well as a freshman at Stanford, but became dissatisfied and transferred to Trinity, only to find himself playing fourth fiddle.

"It is really discouraging," he said. "The quality of opposition isn't that good when you're No. 4, and sometimes I would go three or four weeks and not have to extend myself at all in a match. Then when a tournament would come up, I wouldn't be ready."

The best match of the week was the semifinals singles between Stockton and Tanner, who had reached the NCAA final as a freshman and as a sophomore. Gottfried already had flogged up the title for Trinity by beating Stanford's Alex Mayer in straight sets 7-6, 6-1, 6-2, so Stockton and Tanner had no team pressure on them. But the pressure of their own ambition was enough.

Stockton's serve is considered to be very good, but compared to Tanner's it is a slow-motion shuttlecock. Tanner won two of the first three sets and served 17 aces while doing it. Stockton was so on edge that after one close line call he went over to a bespectacled linesman and wiped the glasses with a towel. He was pained, too, by an aching stomach muscle he had strained in a match a few weeks before.

Tanner seemed to be in control, but after the 10-minute break he served fewer aces and got fewer first serves in. Stockton, experienced and better than Tanner in almost every category, won the last two sets and the match, 7-5, 7-6,



STANFORD WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT STOCKTON NEXT YEAR, BUT THE PROS WILL

6-7, 6-2, 6-4, to set up the all-Trinity final.

Stockton's stomach muscle bothered him so much the night before the final that he hardly slept. Saturday morning Mabey took Stockton to a doctor, who treated him with a vibrator and ultrasound and plastered a red-hot pad on his belly that was visible through his shirt during the match. Perhaps some of the lost sleep was also due to worries about Gottfried. Four of the last five NCAA singles winners were men rated only second best at their own colleges: Bob Lutz of USC in 1967 (behind Stan Smith), Joaquin Loyo-Mayo of USC in 1969 (behind Bob Lutz), Jeff Borowiak of UCLA, 1970 (behind Haroon Rahum) and UCLA's Jimmy Connors last year (behind Jeff Borowiak). Would Gottfried be the spoiler this time?

Mabey, happily neutral, kept most of his advice to himself. Gottfried won the first set 4-6 and had Stockton muttering, barking at a ball boy, complaining about the net and throwing his racket down in disgust. But when Gottfried lost the seventh game of the second set on a close line call it was his turn to launch into some fine Pancho Gonzalez imitations: a snarl, a grimace, a glare—all made more terrifying by his Fu Manchu mustache. And he seldom played up to his standard after that, as Stockton took three straight sets 6-4, 6-3, 6-2.

Gottfried returned in the afternoon and joined with Gerken in losing the doubles to Stanford's Mayer and Tanner. Stanford could console itself with the knowledge that it had beaten Trinity in four of seven tournament matches and, even better, that a courtful of the nation's top juniors have signed or are already enrolled for next season. It was rumored that Tanner would turn pro instead of returning for his senior year, but even without his service Stanford should be the 1973 NCAA favorite.

Stockton, with Trinity degree in hand and anxious to start playing for cash, was content to let Coach Mabey and sophomore Gottfried worry about Stanford. Stockton has worries of his own, like Wimbledon and Forest Hills and Rod Laver, and maybe on the way up 200 more matches against Tanner.

"The summer's just getting started," Stockton said, fingering his hot pad as if it were a money pouch, "and I'm getting stronger and stronger."

END



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In this corner: the lamb

And in the other corner, the butcher—or so the banner said before the young French folk hero stepped into a middleweight slaughter

The first mistake the Parisians made was to let one of their airports lose the luggage of Harold Conrad, the New York boxing entrepreneur who likes to think that if he stood next to Beau Brummell, people would start straightening Mr. Brummell's tie. When his bags dropped out of sight in the jabbering acres of the Orly arrival building, Conrad was stuck with the same gray wool shirt for two days. He wore it like a leper's bell, and by the end of the second evening his habitual tributes to the city were having trouble getting past his grinding teeth. "Yeah," said a sympa-

thizing friend, "if these guys were going to lose something, maybe it should have been Monzon."

The man was anticipating the locals' second mistake, which was to persuade themselves, by self-hypnosis at its most convincing, that Jean-Claude Bouttier was France's greatest martial hero since Charles de Gaulle and fit to be in the same ring as Carlos Monzon, the middleweight champion of the world. It was indeed unfortunate for French pride that no one at the airport thought of mistaking the Argentine visitor, for Bouttier scarcely belongs in the same country as

Monzon, let alone inside the same ring.

This is not to say Bouttier was disgraced. He fought as he had trained—with resolution and a sense of responsibility toward those who had let affection and loyalty overwhelm judgment to the point where they shared his quixotic dream. But there was never any serious likelihood that this former butcher boy from northern France could vindicate the most aggressive of the banners flourished at ringside in the Stade Colombes on Saturday night: BOUTTIER—LE BOUCHER, MONZON—LE MOUTON, it said.

Monzon is the kind of lamb to make wolves seek other employment. He is tall for a middleweight, only an inch short of 6 feet, with a torso that is compact rather than dramatically muscled. His reach is exceptional, but the slim arms do not give that impression of dangling limpness seen in lesser fighters. There is frightening strength in the elasticity of those long muscles, and the whole body has the kind of fundamental power that is deeply embedded in his inherited physiology. He has learned much in his nine years as a professional (not the least being the value of using a refined left jab to open the way for the thunderous cross fire of his hooking), but the qualities that set Carlos Monzon apart were given to him in the womb.

Technically he is not difficult to fault. He stands up straight, so that his rather long neck puts the handsome head well above the line of his shoulders. "Like a lantern in a storm," said a veteran American critic at Colombes. The answer is that pedantry is for those who need it. Monzon's method is related to profound confidence, the conviction that he has the animal authority to dominate almost any man they put in front of him. He has never been knocked down and, as someone once said of Marciano, he finds it hard to forget how strong he is. It shows in his eyes. They look out over the high, molded cheekbones with relaxed steadiness, following the opponent with a gaze that is thorough but dispassionate. The insistence on hunting by sight like a greyhound, the refusal to fight by Braille, gave Monzon a huge advantage over Bouttier. It was a major irony that the Frenchman should be retired on his stool between the 12th and 13th rounds because the vision of his left eye had been badly flawed by Monzon's thumb. A couple of instances of



CHALLENGER BOUTTIER AND CHAMP MONZON: SHAKE HANDS AND COME OUT FIGHTING

continued

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thumbing were discernible, and by the end of the 10th round Bouttier was already blinking confusedly out of his left eye. The irony lay in the fact that while he had full vision, he made poor use of it.

Bouttier's European title had been won by controlled attacking. The emphasis then was on the systematic application of an economical and impressively vigorous right cross and some reinforcing skills—particularly a maturing left hook—that he had acquired on regular study tours of gyms in the U.S. But on Saturday all that gave way to blind lunges, attempts to lurch himself, head down, through the violent ambush of Monzon's long arms. His regular reward was to find himself looking at the floor and seeing stars on it. The explanation of this haphazard impetuosity was cruelly simple. Jean-Claude Bouttier, fighting for the big one in front of 35,000 of his own people, feeling their will welling up in the soft Paris night, was unflinchingly overawed. At first the effect was to stun him into a condition close to paralysis. He listened to the introductions with his eyes closed and boxed the first two rounds like a somnambulist, his lips moving nervously as if making a running commentary on a black dream.

Monzon did not trouble to probe for targets. He walked in with the same unhurried stride he uses on the street, and as he swung he had the air of a man who felt the only risk he ran was of being bored. When Bouttier's spent reoccupied his body in the third round, the Argentine was obliged to show more concern. Even so, he took enough sharpish rights and firm left hooks to persuade many at ringside that it was Bouttier's round. There was probably only one other, the ninth, that could be seen that way—but it is the sixth that will be remembered. Through the fourth and fifth Monzon stood above Bouttier's groping crouch and slashed him with hooks, and when the bell sent them out again, the same pattern developed, with Bouttier staggering along the top rope as if it were the rail of a pitching ship. Then suddenly Monzon was caught by a left hook that carried the weight of the Frenchman's thick shoulders, the leverage of his steady legs. Monzon was hurt, perhaps in some slight danger, but his intimidating power of recovery was again immediately evident, and he came back to punish Bouttier painfully. Yet it was

when using a retaliatory punch that the weaker man reeled backward on his heels and, helped by a light blow from Monzon, took a mandatory eight count. Astonishingly, Bouttier managed a further rally, shook Monzon before wrestling him to the floor, took another battering when the Argentine rose, and was still there throwing punches several seconds after the bell. That round should be preserved in a war museum.

Everything that followed had to be anticlimactic. It was, brutally so for the suffering Frenchman. But the fight went on until finally came the cryptic announcement of retirement on the very brink of the 13th, a happening as startling as a splash of cold water. Bouttier, the 27-year-old country boy who had been asked to bring back the championship France last held with Marcel Cerdan in the 1940s, had quit on his stool. But, as they learned that there was to be a hospital examination on Monday to check the possibility of damage to the retina, few of his countrymen were inclined to condemn him.

The physical harm that may have been done to Bouttier could be the lesser result of the defeat. He is a warm, instantly engaging young man with the virile looks, intelligence and individualism to make him at once an idol of the masses. But he readily admits that he is deeply emotional, and no one can be sure about the effect on such a sensitive person of being thrust beyond his limitations. There were hints of a mounting awareness of his situation as he prepared to meet Monzon, and at the weight an one could almost see him contract under the clamping pressure. That ritual was conducted in a tiny, cheaply ornate cinema in the foothills of Montmartre. The place, smelling of worn carpets and disinfectant, was crowded on the one side by fans and temporary fugitives from the streetside cafes, on the other by promoters and agents from all over the world who had come with their stockyard gaze to scrutinize Bouttier. The tension that showed then was multiplied as he walked toward the bright square of the ring later that day. On that second occasion his eyes were moist.

He was moved too much by the thought of what he was about to do. Equally, in the future Jean-Claude Bouttier may be moved too much, too hurtfully by the knowledge of what he cannot do.

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Chester Jastremski, M.D., was clutching the gutter of Indiana University's Royce Pool, resting between laps, when Larry Barbore, an Indiana backstroker, hobbled up in the next lane. "Hey, old man, why don't you give up?" he said. "You'll never make it." Then, with a splash, he was gone. "I got a lot of ribbing from the younger guys," Jastremski said later. "It's all in good clean fun." Grimacing, he added, "I know Larry meant every word of it."

Whether Chet Jastremski, making another comeback at 31, is really too old will be at least partly resolved at the U.S. Olympic Trials in Chicago in August. Meanwhile, for a family man and doctor, he seems remarkably at home among the younger swimmers in the Indiana pool, few of whom were more than 8 or 9 back when he was the world's best breaststroker. One way he has ingratiated himself is by offering his juniors free medical advice. His motives are not entirely selfless. "The main thing I've taught them is what to do if I should have a heart attack," he says.

Perhaps an even greater liability than his age is that Jastremski has had so little time in recent years for competitive swimming. Besides his degree from Indiana's medical school, he has acquired a wife and three children. He has also served four years as an Army doctor, a hitch that will end Sept. 15. One brief respite from these worldly cares came in 1968 when Jastremski, then 27 and with only two months of training, made the U.S. Olympic team as an alternate, went to Mexico but did not get a chance to swim.

Anxious for a different ending this time, Jastremski has allowed nearly five months for training. Clad in a 10-year-old swimsuit, he reported in early March to his old coach at Indiana, James E. (Doc) Counsellman, who provided him with a supply of noseclips; the latter are a Jastremski trademark, something he continues to wear partly to prevent sinus headaches but mainly, he admits, "out of habit." Jastremski has been working hard ever since, the bantering about his age merely a cover for his determination. "I'm not just training to



Dr. Chet Jastremski is a creaking 31, but he wants to go to Munich

The old man and the pool

make the Olympic team again," he says. "My goal is a gold medal at Munich. I honestly believe I can do it. I wouldn't be trying if I didn't."

Winning an Olympic gold medal is something no swimmer his age has ever done. Duke Kahanamoku won one for the U.S. in the 1920 Games on his 30th birthday, while Australia's Dawn Fraser was 27 when she enjoyed her last Olympic triumph in 1964. The oldest American swimmers to earn gold medals since World War II were Bill Smith and Wally Ris, teammates in 1948. Both were 24. It is a measure of the odds Jastremski now defies that when he went to Mexico in '68, he was already four years older than anybody else on the U.S. team.

If this were simply a case of Olympic fever, one would expect Jastremski, being a doctor, to be the first to detect the symptoms. Instead, encouraged by

the rather cavalier way he made the U.S. team four years ago, he challenges the most widely held assumptions about swimming. "Physiologically, there's no reason why a person can't swim better at 31 than at 23," he says. "Swimming is 90% psychological. It's a matter of building mental barriers and then breaking them."

Counsellman, while more cautious, shares his optimism. "The odds are probably against Chet," he says, "but it's not impossible. In other sports a Willie Mays or a Johnny Unitas or a Ken Rosebowl can go on because theirs are sports of skill. Swimming involves skill, too, but it's primarily a sport of endurance. Of course, in theory, endurance also improves with age. Some of those marathon runners are pretty old. The only definite reason older athletes keep going in other sports is that they

can make their livings at it."

Whatever toll the years may otherwise exact, there is little question at Jastremski's motivation. One incentive is that breaststroke times have not improved as much as those in the other strokes. Jastremski's last world record in the 200 meters, set eight years ago, is only 4.7 seconds slower than Brian Job's current mark of 2:23.5. Then, too, Jastremski hopes to benefit from new rinkles in technique and training. Finally, he is uncommonly industrious in practice. "Chet is the hardest-working guy out there," says Steve Borawski, Indiana's assistant coach. "He's a perfectionist even in workouts." Jastremski not only refuses to resort to shortcuts in practice, he takes a dim view of those who do. "I just hate it when guys cut corners," he says. "I guess it's irrational of me, but it really bothers me."

An Olympic gold medal is the only major prize in swimming to have eluded Jastremski. His frustrations began in 1956 when, as a 15-year-old from a blue-collar neighborhood in Toledo, he hoped to make the Olympic team, only to be disqualified at the trials because he had executed an improper turn. In 1960, by now a member of the dynasty Counsellman was building at Indiana, he was left off the team when for some reason the selectors chose to fill only two of the

Continued

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three spaces available for breaststrokers.

It was Jastremski's further misfortune to have enjoyed his greatest triumphs between Olympics. His best year was 1961 when he broke every breaststroke record possible, lowering the 200-meter mark during one six-week stretch by almost seven seconds. Employing a short but powerful pull and a quick leg action, he revolutionized the stroke, which had previously been swum with a wider, more stylized technique.

Briefly retiring following his graduation from Indiana in 1963, Jastremski took time off from his medical studies to qualify for the '64 Olympics, improving his own 200-meter record in the trials. "Then I showed off in training camp," he recalls. "I worked hard, my times were great and I felt terrific. All of a sudden I was tired. I was in good shape but I had no sprinting ability." Jastremski settled for a bronze medal at Tokyo, a disappointment almost equaled in 1968 when he did not swim at Mexico City even though he outperformed the

other U.S. breaststrokers in training.

Jastremski tries to shrug off his Olympic misfortunes. "There are two ways of looking at it," he says. "One is that the best in the world doesn't always win at the Olympics. He just might not be up that day. The other is that the best in the world is the guy who responds to pressure and wins the big one. Since I've never won it, I subscribe to the first view."

If he really subscribed to that view, Jastremski might never have set his sights on Munich. Last November, while assigned to the U.S. Military Academy hospital, he began swimming during lunch hours at the West Point pool. When the Army granted his request for time off in order to train for the Olympics, Major Jastremski moved his family to Bloomington, Ind., settling in a neighborhood of \$40,000 split-levels called Sherwood Oaks. Sue Jastremski framed her husband's bronze medal from '64 and hung it in the family room. Jastremski cringed. "Sue thinks it's nice,"

he says, "but I'm partial to gold."

Jastremski plans to go into general practice in Bloomington following his discharge. Meanwhile, his own case sounds like something out of *Today's Health*. When he arrived in Bloomington he weighed 192 pounds, 25 more than in his undergraduate days. He plunged into Counsilman's regimen of 11,000-plus yards a day, which is double the meager three miles or so Indiana swimmers logged during Jastremski's era. The greater distance so exhausted him that he has been sleeping at least 12 hours a day ever since.

"After workouts I feel like this," Jastremski says, hunching his shoulders in imitation of a stooped old man. "The hard part is finding time to spend with my kids. Sometimes I collapse on the floor and they climb on me. They think I'm playing with them."

As these grueling practices went on, Jastremski's weight dropped to 176 pounds. He continued to work on technique, particularly his kick. "I've still

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got a stronger pull than other breaststrokes," he says. "If I can get my kick anywhere near theirs, I think I can beat anybody." To measure his progress Jastremski went to California last month to compete in a meet that was a far cry from the Olympics. It was the short-course championships of the AAU master's program, one designed for oldtimers in swimming—those over 25.

The meet was held on a windswept hilltop in San Mateo. The blustery weather, while not conducive to fast times, failed to diminish the enthusiasm of children who stood at poolside frantically cheering on their parents, the exact reverse of what one finds at ordinary meets. There were a number of other ex-collegiate stars on hand, but few were in serious training, prompting Jastremski to say: "I'm just swimming against the clock here, not the competition." Having reduced his time in the 200-yard breaststroke from 2:30 in March to 2:18 more recently, he hoped for 2:15 at the San Mateo meet, still a long way

from Job's American record of 2:02.36.

His progress was, for the moment, stalled. Entered in the 30-to-34 age group, Jastremski easily won both the 100 and 200, but his time in the latter was 2:18. Nonetheless he pronounced the trip a success: "The important thing was getting the chance to compete before crowds again and to learn to pace myself."

Jastremski returned late one night from California, and the next morning was at the Indiana pool for a full workout. After lunch he relaxed with Sue in their paneled family room. Kelly Jastremski, 4, and Andrea, 2½, were taking a nap in their bunk bed while 9-month-old Ted played on the floor next to Lance, the family's German shepherd. Sue Jastremski, a pretty, bespectacled woman with closely cropped brown hair, spoke of her husband's Olympic ambitions. "At first I was like everybody else," she said. "I thought Chet was too old. I went along with him because I love Bloomington and it meant we

could leave West Point earlier. But now I really think he can do it."

Chet let the subject drop until later that afternoon when he and Sue were out for a drive in the rich farmland south of Bloomington. "I didn't know you thought I was too old, Sue," he said in a wounded tone. "I told you," she said. "You must not have been listening, babes."

The next important entry on Jastremski's schedule is this week's Santa Clara (Calif.) International meet. He also plans to take his family on a motoring trip through the Western U.S., but that will be, he pointedly says, "after the Olympics." Should he fail to make the team he would return to the U.S. Military Academy for his last few weeks of Army duty. But never mind that. When Jastremski recently advised a friend, "You can reach me at West Point in August," it did not mean he had suddenly lost faith. By chance, the U.S. swimming team will be training at West Point before it leaves for Munich. **END**



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Six minutes later, another horse is led into stall No. 4. He has made \$1,200 so far in 1972, eaten about that much worth of food, has been offered for sale at \$3,000 with no takers, and is named I'm Irving. Irvin David's I'm Irving.

He is a bay 6-year-old, by Etouan out of Chalvedele, bred at Fountainhead Farm in Kentucky, presently residing in Forest Hill, Md., trained by Ray Mikkonen, with Jockey Dale Gress in the irons today, under 109 pounds, wearing black and white silks, 6 to 1 in the morning line for the ninth race, a handicap for 3-year-olds and upward who have run for a claiming price of \$3,500 or less since Aug. 31, 1971.

I'm Irving has won one race in his life, and that was two years ago when he beat Mr. Lash and Where It's At in a hard drive. But things are looking up again. A week ago, at 46 to 1, I'm Irving finished second in a race similar to this one. He was trailing by 21 lengths—or "lumps," as they always say around the Maryland tracks—but he only got beat two lumps. Everybody screamed, "Here comes Irving!"

Well, maybe things aren't looking up, after all. Right after the Preakness, just as I'm Irving came into the paddock, it started pouring outside. Cats and dogs. And I'm Irving is no friend of Jupiter Pluvius. "Someone just spits on the track and he doesn't want to run; Irving is not too crazy about mud," Irvin Myers says, nearly glowing over the fact that

up to now Irving does not seem to be too crazy about any surface known to man or beast. Irvin Myers has an interest in I'm Irving that is largely sentimental, and along with his friend, Irvin David, more or less lent his first name to the horse. They added the "g" for effect, and to help I'm Irving's popularity if ever he ran in New York.

Irvin David, who bred the horse and then registered it in his wife's name, gives a friend \$6 and tells him to buy a combination ticket on the horse. They put the saddle on Irving, and blinkers, although Irving does not care for them and makes these feelings known. Irving likes to look around when he is running. Since the blinkers make it impossible for him to see out the sides he prefers to stay in last place so that he can see everything unfold in front of him. With Irving, getting there is half the fun.

Despite these eccentricities, several people love I'm Irving. He is the only horse racing for Irvin David. He is the only horse Irvin Myers has ever named. He is the only horse Ray Mikkonen trains. Dale Gress averages riding only a couple of mounts a day. I'm Irving means every bit as much to the two Irvins as, say, Bee Bee Bee does to William S. Farish III. At 33, Mr. Farish is by Humble Oil out of Sears Roebuck, bred to Du Pont. The two Irvins are pharmacists. If people cared only for horses like Bee Bee Bee, there wouldn't be any race tracks.

Each year there are 25,000 thoroughbred foals registered in the U.S. There are at least 200,000 owners and comparable numbers of jockeys and trainers and exercise boys and girls. There are even more bettors, and there are 750,000 races run every year to give the bettors a chance to catch up after the daily double at Tropical on Jan. 1.

Very few of these races are the quality of the Preakness. Almost all of them are like the race after the Preakness. "But we need the Preakness. We need

Meet I'm Irving, a racehorse of modest talent (one win in his six years) who is regarded by the Baltimore pharmacist who owns him, Irvin David, as the best medicine any man could have

by FRANK DEFORD

PHOTO JAMES BY JOHN SACCO

A picture of contentment after another loss: David (left), I'm Irving and Mikkonen.

continued

the races like that," Irv David said earlier in the afternoon, munching on a crab cake. Because it was Preakness Day, he could not get a seat, even though his horse was rattling. "Without the Preakness, without Riva Ridge, without a star there's no show. It's the stars that pay to clean up this place and paint the barns where Irving stays," David continued.

But the opposite applies. Racing needs all the I'm Irvings and the people who own I'm Irvings. Certainly, it needs a last race, which always has a high per capita handle, for the same reason that the last lifeboat off the ship is always crowded. As the two Irvings reached the paddock, many others in the crowd were working their way to the exits, but not to leave. There, at the gates, you can pick up for free the discarded tout sheets—Ad Tab, Jack's Little Green Card, Clocker Lawton and so forth—that were commanding a dollar sale price just a few races before. Invariably, the comment next to the last race selections on these cards is **GO HOME A WINNER**. This day, sadly, not one of the tip sheets viewed I'm Irving as the vehicle for this happy ending.

Irvn Myers, 57, tall and gregarious, a native Baltimorean, ran the Hilltop Pharmacy, catty-cornered to the Pimlico far turn, for a decade, until 1960. He met a lot of racing people at his luncheonette there, and began servicing the Pimlico first-aid room. He still does, although now he is employed by the state department of health. Everybody at Pimlico knows Dr. Irv Myers; he just enjoys hanging around the place and talking with horsemen; he seldom bets. When Irving finished second at 46 to 1, he figured in a \$1,083 exacta, but Dr. Myers only picked up a few bucks off a \$6 combination ticket.

"When I started at Hilltop, I was like a novice, a neophyte, you might say," he explains. "I was very glibble. If I'd been a gambler, I'd been out of business that first season. Every race, with eight horses, I had nine tips—everyone in the field and an added starter. But if you are born and raised in a candy store, you never eat candy."

Still another reason why Dr. Myers does not bet hardly anything on I'm Irving is that he has absolutely no faith in him. "Irving is docile until you start to take him to the track," he says. "Then he'll snap at you. Irving will only run

when he feels like it. There's nothing anyone can do. He's spindly-legged, too. People ask me, how does he run? I say: 'Horribly.' He won't even be blowing when he comes back from most races. But you never know. That last time out, look, he's 21 limbs back when he decides he wants to run, and he just gets beat. Listen, when he wants to, Irving comes on like buster's gang."

With his son Leo, who at 13 is already taller than he is, Ray Mikkonen looks over I'm Irving in the paddock. Ray was a good steady rider on the Maryland circuit for years. He is in galoshes, but he has no raincoat over his sports coat and slacks. He does wear a hat, so presumably he is bald. Nobody wears hats for any other reason anymore.

Irv David likes Mikkonen. "He's from the old school. He takes pride in what he does," he says. Ray used to be known as The Fighting Finn, and he still speaks with a slight Scandinavian accent. With his earnings as a jockey from the good years—he won a stakes once with an 85-to-1 shot named Guardian II—Mikkonen bought a farm in Forest Hill, north-east of Baltimore, where he boards and cares for horses. He currently has 56 on the premises, but Irving is the only one he trains, the only one he races. He brought him down to Pimlico earlier that day in a van. There is no stall space available on the grounds for cheap claimers belonging to one-horse stables.

Mikkonen tells the groom to turn his horse around so that he is facing in, away from the crowd that is lined up around the paddock. Hardly has he done that when the Baltimore Colt marching band and a whole drum and bugle corps begins to traipse right through the other side of the paddock. They have been out in the infield, playing *Maryland, My Maryland* for the Preakness, and now that the big race is over and it is beginning to rain, somebody just sends them right through the paddock. Irving stares over the top of his stall at the marchers, but accepts the intrusion calmly. However, next to him, No. 3, Anzio Blue, the favorite, kicks his stall in distress, and No. 7, a long shot named River Abroad, reacts even more violently. There are a lot of signs posted explaining that only owners, trainers and authorized personnel are permitted in the paddock, but when it is just \$3,500

claimers, a different set of rules apply.

Irv David looks over at the drum and bugle corps and shakes his head. "That's terrible," he says in disgust. "Don't they care for the horses? These are our horses. They're just like Preakness horses to us. A man could have his life tied up in a thing like this."

The ninth race is for a purse of \$6,000—\$3,600 to the winner, \$1,320 for second, \$720 for third, \$360 for fourth. It costs about \$7,000 a year nowadays just to train, feed, van and otherwise care for a horse, any horse—Bee Bee or I'm Irving. Horses eat the same no matter how fast they run.

Irvn David, who describes himself as the only Jew in the world with five Baptist grandchildren, got into racing because he used to sell an owner "photofinish pills" at his pharmacy, the Manor on North Point Boulevard. These are pills to help calm you. The tense man was a roofing contractor, and the one reliable horse he owned was named Chalmoor. In 1957 Irv happened to read that a sister of Chalmoor was up for auction at the Kentucky fall sales. He tried to get the roofer to bid on her, and when he wouldn't, David decided to buy her himself "out of spite." The roofer said: "Go ahead, dummy, go broke."

Irvin was planning to get married and couldn't afford both the trip to Kentucky and the horse, so he authorized a friend who was going to the sales to bid up to \$1,000. Soon Irvin was out \$800. The only guarantee he got was that the horse was not blind, and when Irvin saw her, he shuddered. "Oy, vey," he says, "she looked like a toy." She was so fragile that, at first, nobody would risk trying to break her. Irvin named her Chalvedele, taking the first syllable of Chalmoor and tacking on various family initials. "I was prepared to stay in the game two, three races," he says.

Chalvedele shot holes in this schedule. Irvin David is still in the game, although sometimes it seems that he is really not in racing, just an something that happens to involve his beloved Chalvedele. If Chalvedele bowled or did needlepoint, Irvin David would get into that to accommodate her. There is a dreary, second-rate quality about Chalvedele. Dr. David almost broke the bank with her the first time he picked up the dice, and

continued

In the sixth race at Pimlico on May 20, I'm Bring (No. 4) demonstrated his largely unknown competitiveness by going head and head far the lead. His son, Chalvadeit, who is now nursing another champion, would have been proud.



even now he spins those golden memories of her and dreams of the time when one of her sons or daughters will make it all come true again, only better yet.

A substantial number of thoroughbreds never make it to the races. Many others—particularly those that cost \$800—never win. Chalvedele was never out of the money as a 2-year-old, and at three was one of the better fillies in the country. She made close to \$70,000 for Dr. David and ran in the best female races in the land. Many men spend a lifetime in racing and never once get a horse that rewards them so.

In his wallet Irv still carries the clipping which reports that "Irvin David's Chalvedele" will race in the Triple Crown for fillies. He can recall these races as if they were on yesterday's card, and Chalvedele's antagonists—Berlo, Airman's Guide, Irish Jay, Rash Statement—become mythic creatures. It is as if the greatness in all the strains came to flower only in that spring of 1960. All the

other fillies of all the other years were pale imitations.

Irvin David's Chalvedele. How many other things does a man ever own where he can put the apostrophe "s" after his name and attach style and dignity to himself? Bill Smith's Lincoln? Nothing. Dana Jones' Whirlpool? Harry Brown's Chris-Craft? Just tacky and acquisitive. Not even something like Tom Yawkey's Red Sox and Leonard Tose's Eagles has the kind of fine ring to it that comes with a horse, with Irvin David's Chalvedele, or even with Irvin David's I'm Irving.

Dr. David still can itemize every move his filly made that glorious season of 1960. She is looking Irish Jay in the eye, matching strides with Airman's Guide, she is moving up, making her run, refusing to quit. Irvin David's Chalvedele was second in the Mother Goose, fourth in the Coaching Club Oaks. "Is everything all right, Mr. David?" "How many in your party, Mr. David?" The racing secretary himself used to come

by in New York to ask," Irv says. "And, oh, they would all call us. My little butterball turned out to be one of the best of her generation, and they would all call us to get her to run. 'Will you run Chalvedele here, Mr. David?' 'Chalvedele at Delaware, Mr. David?' They would call us all the time.

"If we hadn't gone up against Airman's Guide in the Black Eyed Susan, there wouldn't have been a race. And what a race she gave her, all the way. Then in the Mother Goose, we were the one who went out and challenged Irish Jay, which set it up for Berlo to win. You don't remember Berlo? That just shows you how much you know. She's been called the best of her generation. Mr. duPont owned her. The greatest compliment ever paid me is that duPont himself came over to the stable just to look at Chalvedele. He came all that way just to look at her."

Irvin changed riders after that race, Bill Hartack replacing Bobby Corle for

continued

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tees up a Titleist, he is, in
effect, saying, "Here's
the greatest golf ball you
can play."**



(The 1972 tour results to date)

TOURNAMENT	PRIZE MONEY	TITLEIST	MACGREGOR	DUNLOP	SPALDING	OTHER
1. Western Open	\$ 1,273	\$ 1,273	\$ 1,067	\$ 1,072	\$ 1,066	\$ 1,066
2. U.S. Open - The National	5,000,000	5,000,000	5,000,000	5,000,000	5,000,000	5,000,000
3. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	1,940,000	1,940,000	1,940,000	1,940,000	1,940,000	1,940,000
4. Fed. Open Open	\$20,012	\$38,837	1,939	2,047	2,047	2,047
PGA Tour	27,535	27,535	1,118	2,098	2,098	2,098
5. U.S. Open Open	\$50,000	\$81,171	14,492	15,096	15,096	15,096
6. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	19,991	31,743	300	3,006	3,006	3,006
7. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
8. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
9. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
10. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
11. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
12. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
13. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
14. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
15. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
16. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
17. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
18. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
19. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
20. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
21. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
22. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
23. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
24. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
25. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
26. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
27. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
28. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
29. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
30. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
31. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
32. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
33. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
34. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
35. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
36. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
37. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
38. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
39. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
40. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
41. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
42. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
43. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,835	13,272	13,272	13,272	13,272
44. U.S. Open - U.S. Golf Ass'n	\$24,013	\$37,83				

Touring pros play golf for a living. They play to score as well as they can, win as much as they can.

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Irving

the Coaching Club Oaks. Chalvedele was perfectly placed coming into the stretch, and Dr. David started to prepare himself for the TV interview in the winner's circle. "Momma always had one good run in her," he says, "and she was just going into it." Instead, as the chart says, she "weakened" and dropped back to fourth. It was 4:52, Saturday afternoon, June 25, 1960 when the dream ended.

Dr. David grimaces at the memory. "Her ankle swelled up, and we found out it was a hairline fracture. And with a fractured ankle, only one horse passed her in the stretch. The chart says she 'weakened.' She had a broken ankle, and 'weakened' is what it will always say in the records. It was like after the Mother Goose when *The New York Times* headline said: BERLO BEATS CHALVEDELE. Did we deserve that? Sure. Berlo beat Chalvedele, but where was Cain Hoy? Where were King Ranch and Phipps? Chalvedele beat them."

Chalvedele hung on for another three years after the Coaching Club, but the tracks stopped calling. Her last season she made \$1,630 in nine starts, even I'm Irving does better than that. Dr. David had one other horse for a while, a half-miler named Verlie (after his wife), but, of course, he still keeps Chalvedele for breeding.

"New owners, they spring up like weeds—and then they're gone," he says. "How have I survived 15 years? Just wheeling and dealing. To tell you the truth, I've made more deals than a black-jack dealer in Las Vegas—no, let me think of a better line. You see, if you've got quality like Chalvedele, you can wheel and deal. I worked out an arrangement with a guy for hardwood flooring for Irving. My house needs painting, my downspouts are falling down, I'm over here hustling crab cakes for lunch, but my horse has hardwood flooring."

In the jockeys' room, Dale Gress puts on his black silks with the Star of David outlined in white ("Star of David, and Irvin David—get it?" Irvin Myers explains.) Gress had watched the Preakness on TV, and after the reruns he comes back to his locker and catches a smoke. He dresses right next to Braulio Baeza and Ron Turcotte, who rode the favorites in the big race, and the national press jams in around them. Gress weighs out as Baeza and Turcotte change into

continued



Adam's Apple, 1972

(A do-it-yourself temptation)

Ever wonder what the apple tasted like that started the whole man/woman thing back in Eden? It's a cinch your everyday MacIntosh is pretty palled by comparison.

Thinking about that one day, we got this wild idea. If we added an ounce or so of Smirnoff to some good old forbidden apple juice in a tall glass of ice, would thunder shake the earth? Lightning flash? No, actually, none of that happened.

We did, however, discover



a pretty swell drink. The name, Adam's Apple, is something of an over-promise, but drink it in the night company and maybe you can make your own thunder and lightning.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless*





Steel against Polysteel. Photo taken from TV commercial showing a full-size '72 Dodge Monoco, with Custom Power Cushion Polysteel tires, running up and over hardened steel drill bits.

STEEL AGAINST POLYSTEEL

CUSTOM POWER CUSHION POLYSTEEL TIRE

Early this Spring, in a parking lot in Los Angeles, onlookers watched the filming of a Polysteel tire demonstration.

Forty carbon steel drill bits, size 1 1/8" x 12 1/2" were anchored in a fixed position, points-up, in pairs, in a special channel iron rig.



A 4,200 lb. car, with a 160 lb. driver, equipped with new Goodyear Custom Power Cushion Polysteel tires, was driven over the drill bits, at a tortuously slow speed of 1 to 5 miles an hour—so that the sharp drill bits could push deeply into the treads.

Two Polysteel tires—the left front and left rear—suffered this punishment for 14 separate runs over the bits. The Polysteel tires, with their treads cut and gouged, did not lose air.

After the filming, the Polysteel tires were returned to Goodyear in Akron for engineering analysis. This set of tires was then sent to the Goodyear test track in San Angelo, Texas, and run for 100 miles at 70 m.p.h. Even after the test the tires showed no loss of air.

The test was satisfactory. The film was edited into 60 and 90 second commercials and broadcast on national television.

Here are comments from some of the onlookers:



Lola B. Jacoby: "I've always wondered whether these commercials were really for real. And it's nice to be able to know that it is for real, and it's a remarkable, incredible test of a tire's endurance."



Sherman Monahan: "When I saw it, I thought it was some kind of a put-on, until I went up and felt the thing. They've got to be some pretty good tires."



Jill Andrews: "I couldn't believe it. How come the tires didn't pop?"

The reason these Polysteel tires could take such punishment is under the tread. Two steel cord belts run circumferentially around the tire. The drill bits gouged the tread, but did not penetrate the belts.

This combination of steel cord belts and polyester cord body gives the Custom Power Cushion Polysteel tire protection against penetration in the tread area, a resilient, smooth ride, and, long wear.

Polysteel tires are made only by Goodyear.



For additional facts on how Goodyear Polysteel tires performed on this and other torture demonstrations, write Goodyear, Dept. 791A, Akron, Ohio 44316.

GOODYEAR

Polysteel, Custom Power Cushion—T.M.'s

the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

The only time it sounds like other clock-radios is when it buzzes.



If you're interested in the clock part of a clock-radio, the TFM-C720 has just about every convenience a digimatic radio can have.

It has an automatic, 24-hour time setting that goes off every morning, without having to be reset every night.

It has a setting for a soft buzz or a loud buzz. So you can wake up to the volume of a "psst..." or a "HEY YOU, GET OUT OF BED!"

But you may prefer to wake up to the sound of the radio. So the TFM-C720 also has a special feature that automatically wakes you at a

slightly louder volume than the way you played it last night.

Besides that, it has digital numbers. And because of a process called black lighting, they light up so much brighter than most digital numbers that you can see them from across the room, or even through one, barely opened eye.

But the best thing about this digimatic is that it has a much better radio than you might expect to come with a clock.

The radio's FM/AM, all solid-state, and has integrated circuitry. It has 1.2 watts of maxi-

mum output power. And it has a 3½" top-mounted speaker.

The TFM-C720 even has a separate pillow speaker for sound quality you just can't get through an earphone.

Which means that without keeping everybody else up, you can actually get lulled to sleep by a respectable sounding concerto, or a reasonably undistorted Doors record.

Why don't you go listen to this digimatic for yourself?

After all, if you had a nicer radio to get up to, maybe it would be a little nicer to get up.

SONY's \$65.95' DIGIMATIC

their \$250 custom suits for the trip back to New York. Then he goes down to the paddock to talk with Ray Mikkonen. Gress has ridden F'm Irving twice before, so there is no need for detailed instructions; he is aware that Irving likes to come from far back.

The rain outside is torrential by now, and the track runs in little rivers. Gress shakes his head ruefully. He is a pleasant country boy from McConnellsburg, Pa., with heavy eyes and a prominent nose. He fractured his neck jumping a horse once on his father's farm, he fractured a hip galloping at Bowie, and the last time he fell, a few months ago in a race at Timonium, he suffered amnesia. But Gress loves riding. His only regret is that his father wouldn't let him leave home earlier to go to the races. "I'd be better off now if he let me go when I first wanted to," he says. Gress averages around 700 mounts a year, at about \$30 a ride, before his agent takes out his 25%, and his valet gets his couple of bucks.

But he is satisfied with his job and his living, and he has a lot of years left in it. Gress is naturally small and thin; he is 5'2" and straps at only 103 pounds. A lot of jockeys, particularly as they mature, have to fight weight. If they go out to dinner and eat a normal meal, they excuse themselves, go to the men's room and stick a finger down their throat to make themselves throw up. Jockeys who must do that often learn just to will the food up after awhile. They can gag up their meals without the finger. They call it "houncing." A lot of jockeys are perennially hungry and, accordingly, perennially ill-humored.

But Dale Gress is filled and cheerful. The night before was his 27th birthday; he and his wife took a friend out for a party, and they went to a smorgasbord. Sucking to racecar parlance, Gress says his friend "goes 180, maybe 200, but"—and he says this with great pride—"I ate much more than him."

Gress had three mounts that Preakness Day—the three cheapest races on the card. He rode in both ends of the daily double. "Then I got to hang around the jocks' room all day," he says, smiling, half-kidding. During the afternoon he would go out on the jocks' balcony in his terry-cloth robe and watch all the excitement of Preakness Day. "What I'd like to do, I'd like to go out into the infield, watch the go-go girls, drink a cou-

continued



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News about headache relief you probably missed

[UNLESS YOU READ MEDICAL MAGAZINES]

Reports From New Clinical Study

**Anacin relieves
headache (mild to severe)
as effectively as the
most widely prescribed
pain-relief compound**

**...yet has fewer adverse effects
and costs patients much less**

A randomized Anacin trial compared 1000 mg of Anacin with 200 mg of aspirin. Anacin and aspirin were administered in a double-blind trial of a standard dose of 200 mg six. The results of the study are shown in the table below. Results are summarized below.

ANACIN	ASPIRIN	ASPIRIN PLUS 200 mg of the same dose
100	100	100

What doctors know that you should know

In clinical tests on hundreds of sufferers, it has now been proven that Anacin delivers the same complete headache relief as the leading pain relief prescription. This advertisement in leading medical journals told the story.

Anacin contains more of the specific

medication doctors recommend most for pain than the leading aspirin, buffered aspirin, or extra-strength tablet.

Now you know that Anacin delivers the same complete headache relief as the leading pain relief prescription. Take Anacin® Tablets.

WHY SAFETY SELLS IN SWEDEN.

Of all motorized countries, Sweden has the best safety record.

Before a Swede can get a driver's license, he not only has to pass a complicated driving test, but also a comprehensive medical examination.

Cars are subject to spot inspections at any time. Cars found unsafe are taken off the road.

Swedish road signs go to extremes. A thorough system of descriptive signs stretches from the middle of big cities to the middle of nowhere. The sign in the picture, for example, warns that the road dead-ends at a ferry dock.

Obviously, Swedes are deeply committed to traffic safety. And they carry their commitment with them when they buy a car.

This is one of the reasons Volvo comes equipped with four-wheel power disc brakes.

Volvo is the only car in the world with a dual braking system that has three wheels on each circuit. If one circuit fails, you still have 80% of your braking power.

Volvo was the first mass produced car to come equipped with three-point seat belts.

Volvo, you see, didn't get to be the largest selling car in Sweden by accident.

Volvo.

We build them the way we build them because we have to.



VOLVO

the stretch, right smack in front of the grandstand. The horse ambulance took away Joseph Kaplowitz' Smokey Johnny and they shot him. Sometimes one, or both, of the Irvins will get in a car and drive the 45 minutes or so up to Mikko's farm just to see I'm Irving, give him a sugar lump and make sure he is O.K. They just like to visit him occasionally, as you would anyone you care for. "I'm walking around with a double hernia," Irv David says, "and Irving's had two operations at the University of Pennsylvania."

Dale Gress moves I'm Irving into the middle of the gate, slot No. 4. The rain has slackened off to a fine mist, but the track, sloppy all day, is now swampy. Nobody who knows Irving well believes he will cotton to it. "You don't even need your binoculars for Irving until the backstretch," Irv Myers says. "He's easy to spot because he's so far back. Then, if he decides he wants to run today, he'll start somewhere over there."

They're in the gate. Dr. David lights another Salem as they break. And what's that? Everybody does a double take. Irv David's I'm Irving is third out of the gate, and as they go into the clubhouse turn, he is bailing head and head for the lead with Leroy W. Boyer's Social Courtesy. Nobody knows what to make of it. What has come over Irving? From down the way, a big voice, apparently belonging to a man who is determined to go home a winner, booms out: "Irvingggggg!" in much the same way as other people bellow "Play ball!" right after the national anthem.

Ray Mikkonen comes over and apologizes. "He's doing the opposite of what I told him," he says, shaking his head dumfounded. Down the backstretch goes I'm Irving, still in the top flight, just off the pace set by Nicholas E. Rinaldi's Powder Peddler. At the 5/8ths pole, Gress hits him and asks him to go after the leader in earnest. "Irvinggggg!" comes the cry.

Well, to make a long story short, that was the end this day for I'm Irving. He just wasn't having any more. Gress had put him on the lead because he broke so well, and also because that way you don't get so much mud in your face, but when he urged Irving at the 3/4ths pole "I'm starting sliding all over the place." I'm Irving had another chance in the stretch when a big hole opened

up, but, to tell you the truth, he came up empty. The chart said he "raced evenly," which proves that the chart isn't always mean.

The winner was the three horse, Lawrence F. Wilcox' Anzio Blue, trained by James C. Burke, ridden by Anthony Agnello, carrying 117 pounds, a bay 8-year-old gelding by Anzio Landing out of Robm's Blue. He closed strongly on the outside to beat Double B Stable's Federalist by a linnet, and Powder Peddler by 2½. In fourth place, 7½ lengths back, a head in front of Social Courtesy, was I'm Irving.

People bet \$340,516 on this race. Because of this, more money was bet at Pimlico that day than any day before. Anzio Blue paid \$5.20, and the exacta, Nos. 3 and 5, paid \$49.40. Go home a winner.

The two Irvins watch Gress ride I'm Irving out and bring him back and weigh in. "Well, Irving looks all right," Irv David says, and everybody gets up to leave. "No, wait till it's official. I want to see it official. Fourth is the difference between a restaurant and a drive-in." The time is 6:38 when the official sign lights up. "There it is. We can have Caesar salad tonight."

David moves off through the crowd with Verbe. Nobody at the escalators realizes that he is the owner of the four

horse. "I know how to act big," Dr. David says. "I found out how to do that. You know, I'd try to go see Chabadele in New York, and they'd stop me at the barns and say, 'Hey, where ya think yer gon'?' and I'd pull myself up—here I am trying to make a Robert Hall look like a Bergdorf Goodman, if you know what I mean—and I'd say, 'Excuse me, I'm Mr. Davis, the owner of Chabadele.' Get in—I'm not a Jew anymore. I'm Mr. Davis. And they'd look right at the program above Chabadele where it says David, they'd look right at it and they'd say, 'Oh, of course, Mr. Davis, I'm so sorry we didn't recognize you, Mr. Davis.'"

"See, I was born big in this game. What I don't know is how to act small. I've got another one in the barn, a Chabadele filly. I'm going to write Delaware Park and ask for stall space for 1975. She'll be in the Handicap that year. I started at the top in this game. I know where it is."

"All you need is one horse," Irv Myers says. "That's all you need is one."

Sometimes the horse is Irv David's Chabadele and sometimes the horse is Irv David's I'm Irving. It really doesn't matter much, if you give them all sugar lumps and let them have a year or two off to eat and sleep when they're bowed.

NINTH RACE 1 1/4 MILES (1:41.10) STARTER HANDICAP. Purses \$2,000. 3-year-olds and upward, which have started for a claiming price of \$3,000 or less since August 31, 1974.

Pimlico MAY 20, 1975

Value of \$5,000	Value of \$10,000	second \$1,200	third \$700	fourth \$300	Mutuel pool \$154,790				
Lat. Recd.	horse	Ept. A. Wt. PP. St.	%	Tr.	St.	Fin.	Jockey	Days Bt.	
8:40 1/2	Whet Anzio Blue	9 117	2	2	26	1	4th	1	1:40 1/2
12:40 1/2	Whet Federalist	8 114	4	11	41	4	21	21	1:40 1/2
12:40 1/2	Whet Powder Peddler	8 109	5	8	28	11	11	11	1:40 1/2
12:40 1/2	Whet I'm Irving	8 108	4	3	21	2	37	4th	1:40 1/2
12:40 1/2	Whet Social Courtesy	8 117	1	1	14	2	37	5th	1:40 1/2
8:40 1/2	Whet Lomax's Dare	8 117	3	5	32	31	6	4th	1:40 1/2
11:40 1/2	Whet Killaugh	8 108	7	6	34	31	6	1	1:40 1/2
8:40 1/2	Whet River Road	8 101	7	8	8	—	—	—	1:40 1/2

Time, 2:41.10; 1:13 1/2, 1:40 1/2, 1:52 1/2. Back stops.

\$2 Mutuel Prices:	3-ANZIO BLUE	5.20	3.20	2.60
	5-FEDERALIST	1.80	1.40	1.20
	6-POWDER PEDDLER	—	—	—

B. S. to Anzio Landing—Robm's Blue, by Kings Blue Truett Burns J. C. bred by Stephen A. G. (Tenn). IN GATE AT 6:30, OFF AT 6:30 EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME Start Good Was Drive. ANZIO BLUE selected for 9-4 ratings, came around early when calling and was driving clear in middle of back FEDERALIST under a snug half early rallied firmly into stretch in enable for command between calls but couldn't sustain momentum. POWDER PEDDLER prominent from the outset, was kept up to take command in backstretch, held to the leading ground and weakened. I'M IRVING used for the early lead between horses, couldn't keep pace in backstretch and faded early thereafter. SOCIAL COURTESY speed good while setting and jumping early pace and level in the stretch. KILLAUGH was no serious contender. RIVER ROAD was about leaving backstretch. Owners—1, Wilcox L. F. 2, Double B Stable 3, Rinaldi N. E. 4, David H. L. 5, Boyer L. W. 6, Hodges H. H. 7, Pennington Farm, 8, DeLoach A. J. Trainers—1, Burke J. C. 2, Penn R. D. 3, Serrano A. 4, Alexander R. 5, Boyer L. W. 6, Johnson A. J. 7, Lewis J. F. 8, Quinn A. J. Overweight: Federalist 2 pounds, I'm Irving 1, Lomax's Dare 3, Killaugh 1.

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That's all it might take.

Because we think Benchmark tastes better than any Bourbon you've ever tasted, including your own. No matter what brand you're drinking now.

You see, Seagram craftsmanship (American craftsmanship at its best) created the distinctive taste of Benchmark. So we're pretty confident.

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The same kind of search that made us try for a rum that was better than any on the islands. Where great rum comes from. And we made it. And the islanders made it #1.

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Avis has a luxury wagon. You can take it and leave it.

It's Chrysler's famous Town & Country—a big, handsome, impressive, air-conditioned station wagon. It's just the car to carry a vacationing family across the country in utter comfort and safety.

But the same miles that are so wonderful in one direction can be grueling miles to repeat. So Avis lets you drive in one direction and fly in the other.



Sounds like a good idea, doesn't it? Well, here's how you do it and how much it costs. You simply reserve the Town & Country wagon at any Avis station in the continental U.S. and leave it at any Avis station in the continental U.S. without additional charge. Even if you start out in Maine and leave it in Texas.

As for "how much": It's \$149 per week, 1,000 miles at no extra cost, excess miles 11¢ per mile; you pay for the gas. Additional days are \$21 each, 150 miles at no extra cost, additional hours are \$4. (Sorry, no discounts.)

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"When the emergencies arose...Continental Bank was there."

"We're a chemical specialty house serving the electronic and electrical industries. We develop and manufacture chemicals used in the fabrication and assembly of printed circuits. We do business as Lonco throughout the nation and with jobbers throughout the world." Speaker: Robert I. Schub, President, London Chemical Company.

"Our company is concerned with steady, sound growth. This is what Continental Bank has helped us accomplish." Speaker: Kenneth W. Anderson, Vice President, London Chemical Company.

"In 1967, a neighboring company exploded and burned our plant. Before the firemen left, our banker was there. He took a personal interest in our situation and within six days, we were back in business at tempo-

rary headquarters. And today, with his help we are in a brand new plant.

"Then in 1969, competitive conditions forced us to open operations on the West Coast. We needed financial assistance fast.

Because of the rapport we had developed with our banker, the whole thing was handled quickly and efficiently. Today, our West Coast facility has proven itself to be a profitable venture.

"During the 1970-71 cost/price crunch we needed additional financial assistance to go into bulk receipt and storage of raw materials. Our banker from Continental analyzed our requirements and in a short time delivered on our needs.

"These were just three instances where dealing with Continental Bank made the difference. Our banker was able to personally relate to our various situations and to prove to us by

his actions how flexible a bank could be.

"In our business, time is of the essence because of our customers' immediate need for their orders. We can't afford to wait. And we can always be sure when the emergency arises—when a variation from the normal flow of events takes place—Continental Bank will be there."

At Continental Bank, we believe a banker should thoroughly understand a company's growth plans and be able to react to changing circumstances promptly and efficiently. If that sounds like the kind of rapport you want with a bank, call our business development specialist, Phil Lewin, Vice President, at 312/828-3727.



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Don't trade this line... for this one

You're now wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam. But won't be for very long. Have you thought about what you're going to do after your service discharge?

Will it be back to school? Back to your old job that's been waiting for you? Or maybe a new one with just the opportunity you've been hoping for.

If it's any of these, you're lucky. For many ex-servicemen, it's stepping to the back of a long line at their local Unemployment Compensation window.

But does it have to be that way? The current domestic job market isn't good. Maybe even more so for returning veterans who have been out of circulation for a while.

But there is something you can do to help yourself, right now. If you're within six months of separation, ask your base transition office for help.

They can offer you counseling, resume preparation help and job referral assistance.

Training is even available for those not possessing a marketable civilian skill.

Or you can contact your **State Employment Office or your College Placement Director.**

They're involved with manpower recruitment every day, and can put you in touch with potential employers while you're still in the service. Let them help you get the ball rolling.

Take advantage of this information now. Put these pros to work for you, so you can work for yourself.

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It gives your engine extra protection against thickening or breaking down under heavy load, high speed driving conditions. And Sunoco Special 10W-40 Motor Oil is actually 4 oils in one: it does the work of 10W, 20, 30 and 40 motor oils. So change to Sunoco Special and know you're getting the right oil for your car...the right oil for all seasons, all driving conditions.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

RHYME NOR REASON

(ROSEN & RAIN, VIDA'S BLUE, June 12)

Sirs:
 Higgledy-piggledy
 Roy Blount the younger one
 National pastime's poetries he craves
 In looking for rhyme schemes
 For dactyls and iambics
 He'll soon drive us sports fans
 Right into our graves!

Notwell, Mass.

RECK GANDER

Sirs:
 August
 Was Bosch,
 But Dave
 Was DeBrowchete.

Tucson

PHIL VARNEY

Sirs:
 Roy Blount Junior
 Seems to have a sense of humor,
 But some of his rhymes might bring from
 the grave of Edmund
 Spenser Bentley
 Complaints aplenty.

JIM THOMY

St. Louis

Sirs:

Here are some verses, somewhat irregular
 ones, but my grateful gift to Roy Blount
 Jr. and to yourselves.

Sandy Koufas
 Never made no cracks
 About anybody, such as "Is he still in the
 league?" He was never unkind nor rude
 the least bit.

This may have been partly because so far
 as he was concerned none was worse than
 any other, they could none of them hit.

Dick Allen
 Was sometimes (as Richie) accused of shilly-
 shallen,
 But he could always hit, especially long lazy
 flies that looked at first like easy outs
 but kept on going and going until they
 finally disappeared downtown.

Now that at last he has found a happy
 place, he may just set three or four or a
 dozen records, including leaping tall build-
 ings at a single bound.

Jimmy Fox
 Was brought up down on the Eastern Shore
 in the school of hard knocks,
 He still holds the record for the longest
 home run in a lot of pocks.

He played mostly for the A's and the Red
 Sox.

Even when Allen or McCovey or Howard
 or Mantle hit a long home run at old Cen-
 tennial Mack Stadium I could always snort
 and remain aloof.

And say, "I saw Fox hit one over the
 centerfield roof."

ROBERT ALCHITZ

Glenade, Pa.

SMOKE SCREEN

Sirs:

In the June 12 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
 you had a picture of Dick (Richie) Allen
 smoking a cigarette on your cover. We
 thought that it was bad taste putting it there,
 where thousands of kids who idolize him
 see him smoking, which will give them the
 wrong idea about American athletes.

JIM PERCELL

MIKE HESS

LEN POLONE

Pearl River, N.Y.

Sirs:

The fact that Dick Allen smokes doesn't
 bother me at all. That you would feature
 him on your cover in such a pose is an-
 other matter.

Shame, shame, shame.

PHIL FISCH

Toledo

Sirs:

I've been a White Sox fan as long as I
 can remember, and no one could be as hap-
 py to see the Sox's first hero since Shoeless
 Joe Jackson on SI's cover. However, I feel
 you misled yourself in poor taste. Dick Al-
 len is looked up to by thousands of young-
 sters in the Midwest, and what poorer ex-
 ample could you set than by presenting him
 with a cigarette in his mouth? I couldn't be-
 lieve it when I saw the cover. I know Dick
 is his own man, but I'm sure he wouldn't
 choose this picture of himself to be viewed
 by millions.

TOM SONDRATA

Davenport, Iowa

Sirs:

You were not to blame that a major league
 baseball idol was seen by countless num-
 bers of kids smoking this way while in uni-
 form. The fault lies with the man whose
 job it is to make and enforce the rules.
 You had a job to do and it was done. Now
 it's Bowie Kuhn's turn to step up to the
 plate — or should I say whiff?

RICHARD P. CULLEN

Staunton, Va.

continued

Aluminum makes snacks a snap.

This is the package that helps make snacks so convenient. Aluminum.

Snap! And the easy-open built panel end is off. Inside, you'll find your serving of fruit or salad, pudding or jello, as fresh and good tasting as the day it was canned.

And the aluminum can is so easy to carry, you can take it wherever you want: to work, to school, to a party, to a picnic.

Or don't take it anywhere. It's great for snacks at home, too.

If you're a snacker, aluminum is your can.

If you're a snack packer, add some snap to it.



Change for the better
with aluminum packaging

 **ALCOA**



**Pleasure
with a twist.**

It happens every
time you open
a bottle of
J&B Rare Scotch.

J&B
**RARE
SCOTCH**
The Pleasure Principle.

10TH HOLE *continued*

HELLFIRE?

Sirs:

While Ed Gilbert may have his facts right (*Where There's Smokey There's Fire*, June 12) I think it was a mistake to publish this story at this time. In normal times and during the rainy season, brush fires can be controlled, but here in the Southwest we have had a long dry spell and the woods are like tinder. Controlled burning is one thing; unattended campfires are another. I have never thought of Smokey as anything but a watchman saying "Be careful." You wouldn't give a 3-year-old a handful of matches and say, "Go have a good time making a fire in the front room," but that is just what this story told people to do in our front yard.

BROTHER JUNIPER
Hart Rock Valley
Episcopal Retreat Center
Monument Valley, Utah

Sirs:

Foresters have long advocated and made use of fire as a forest and wildlife management tool where applicable. A number of self-styled environmentalists treat fire as the ultimate tool to be used in every situation, but its use in controlled burning is a delicate art and should not be attempted by every Tom, Dick and Harry. To be successful it should be attempted only after careful study of fuel, weather, topography, live vegetation and many other factors, and then only under prescribed conditions.

I wonder if those who argue that fire is a natural phenomenon, and as such should not be considered evil, feel the same way about floods, disease and plagues? These, too, are natural phenomena. I notice with interest the absolute lack of comment on the destruction caused by forest fires, the loss of life and property not only as a direct result but also from the aftermath of floods, mud slides, etc. Please have Mr. Gilbert explain to the victims of such losses how "fire prevention and control is another form of environmental tinkering."

Too often in this day and age the general public is being overly influenced by a few researchers who come to a conclusion and then go out and do research to "prove" it.

ARTHUR N. CREELMAN
Fire Prevention Specialist
Department of Environmental
Resources
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

Harrisburg, Pa.

STANFORD (CONT.)

Sirs:

As one of your Silver Anniversary Americans from Stanford (Dec. 20, 1963), I thought the article *Disciples of Another Creed* (May 29) by Ron Fainrite on the university was excellent, with one exception. Looking for an example of the "mystical quality that

continued

HALF CAR.



HALF TRUNK.



We'll begin on the assumption that people don't buy little cars to do a lot of heavy hauling.

To save money, yes.

To save gas, of course.

To save space, obviously.

And, to enjoy.

But what if somebody came along with a little car that does all those things and also throws in an enormous amount of load-space in the bargain?

You'd have a very popular little car.

A Vega Hatchback, in other words.

Fold down the back seat and approximately half the car turns trunk, easy to get at through that handy high-rise hatch.

Why, a young dentist wrote to tell us that he drove coast to coast with all his worldly possessions stashed inside his Hatchback.

Vega: The little car that does everything well.



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Highway safety belts at home. Buckle up before you leave.

The great outdoors machine.

The new Yamaha 125cc Enduro has Torque Induction. A Yamaha performance exclusive that gives you more backwoods pulling power for the money. See the 125cc Enduro at your Yamaha dealer. Find out why we're #1 in trail bike sales.



YAMAHA The great machines for '72.

Selected by NASA



When Astronaut Shepard and Rostee returned from their historic Apollo 14 flight, they were as clean-shaven as when they left 8 days earlier. (Mitchell decided to grow a beard.) The reason? The Wind Up Monaco shaver, selected by NASA to keep them comfortable and clean-shaven on their long journey.

- The first secret of the Monaco's marvelous performance lies in its shaving head. Three continuously self-sharpening blades revolve at such a terrific rate they actually give 72,000 cutting strokes per minute. And the guard is 40 unbelievably thin (1/700 of an inch—about the thickness of a cigarette paper) that pressure is unnecessary. Just touch the shaver to your face and go! It's a circular motion for the smooth shave ever.
- The second secret is the power plant. The palm-shaped body of the Monaco is filled with a huge magnetron, made of the same Swedish super-steel used in the most expensive watch movements. Just wind it up and the Monaco shaves and shaves. From ear to

the shaver that went to the Moon

ear, from nose to neck, and everywhere full speed to the end—long enough to do the complete job. We could go on about the virtues of the Monaco, but (as with everything else) you have to try it. So really believe in it. Send for your Monaco today in its gift package. Put it to the test for two weeks. You'll be delighted with the comfort, speed and convenience—and the independence it will give you from water, soap, barbers, electricity, styptic pencil and all other paraphernalia of conventional shaving. If you decide the Monaco isn't the best shaver ever, send it back to us for prompt refund. If the Monaco served the Apollo-14 astronauts as well, think what it can do for you under much less trying conditions. Once you've tried it you'll never let it go. Please send me:

☐ Monaco Shaver-Standard Model \$20.95
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 My check, please \$1 for post & ins. incl.
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haverhills
 SHIRAZ

10TH HOLE continued

is the special Stanford mark," Fimrite cites the Wow Boys of 1933-35. They were unquestionably a great team and there were many individual stars. But they resembled the Big Ten power-type team that he wrote about. As you recall, they used the single wing.

I believe the team that typified the special Stanford mark was the Wow Boy team of 1940. The Wow Boys set college football on its ear and radically changed the direction of the game. Clark Staughton was introducing the modern T formation to college football. For mystical qualities, Frank Albert became a magician with the ball. No one could see it for over half the season—and then it was too late. These early-day Indians measured the entire sports world, going on to win all their games including the Rose Bowl. No other Stanford team has achieved this unbeaten, untied record since the founding of the university. What made this move incredible was that the Wow Boys were essentially the same team that in 1930 had become the only team in Stanford's history to lose all of its games during the regular season. And it was dubbed by former Wow Boy Bones Hamilton the worst team ever to wear the red. This Cinderella team went from rags to riches, and the dream backfield of Albert, Standlee, Guillaume and Kmetz ranks on a par with the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. Six of the first string either made All-America or went on to make All-Professional.

Incidentally, I was not one of these but I was on this team.

JOHN C. WARNECKE

San Francisco

Sirs:

As much research as went into the splendid article, I must nevertheless point out the apparent omission of that grand old man of football, Pop Warner. I believe Ron Fimrite will be the first to agree with me that Pop brought a new era of football prominence to Stanford.

J. F. PHARO-ZANO
 Class of '28

San Francisco

Sirs,

Your interesting article on the sporting spirit at Stanford reminds me of my own alma mater, Northwestern University, whose alumni include such famous sports figures as Otto Graham, Chuck Evans, Clark Gable and Marty Riesen.

Northwestern compares academically with Stanford and also boasts a rich sporting tradition. Its victories, too, have been hard won, as Northwestern has competed as the only private school in the Big Ten.

CHICO KURZAWSKI

Evansville, Ill.

continued



TRYING TO GET RID OF ATHLETE'S FOOT CAN BE ALMOST AS BAD AS HAVING IT.

Athlete's foot products generally have one thing in common. They're messy. Greasy.

Ting[®] is different. It starts out as a cream, then turns to a powder. So it not only helps control athlete's foot fungi, it helps keep your feet dry and comfortable as well.

Besides the cream, Ting also makes two kinds of medicated powder. One you shake on. The other's an aerosol you spray on. Ting even makes a medicated soap.

Ting can help your athlete's foot problem without creating a problem of its own.





*How to frolic
with mermaids &
get a fine Swiss
Diver's Watch
for just \$10.95.*

Alas, how few of us have physical stamina and mental strength to don wet suit and mask and armed only with harpoon and camera gun slalom-muscle youths in exploration of Neptune's watery domain. But how, slightly breathless, and on terra firma, you may participate (at least vicariously) in mermaid underwater exploits by donning HAVERHILL'S WATCH. This remarkable Swiss timepiece features luminous disk, sweep-second, signed time indicator, calendar, steel body, tropical strap, and one lovingly positioned jewel. We list HAVERHILL'S at \$16.95, but today—swear us in a tide of good fellowship—it's just \$10.95—a laughable bargain.

And that isn't all. We'll also send you our color full 64 page catalog and a 100 Out Certificate. You may return HAVERHILL'S in two weeks for full refund if not delighted (and still remain our friend). And it is guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (we repair or replace free, of course, only charge you for postage and handling). So, for a reliable, good looking watch that you don't have to take off in shower, bathtub, pool or sauna, and with which you may even gambol in Neptune's realm of mermaids, stingray and octopus, get your name, address and zip on the margin, send us your check for \$11.95 (\$10.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and insurance—below Californians please add another \$.60 for our leader in Sacramento) and we shall float that HAVERHILL'S right out to you.

haverhill's

563 Washington, San Francisco 94111

260-1 58626

18TH HOLE continued

THE SISLERS' RATINGS (CONT.) Sir,

After reading Barry Weston's and David Rothman's letters in the June 5 issue, I am compelled to defend the Sislers' pitching efficiency rating system. To say that the ERA of a pitcher is more important than the number of hits he allows and the control he possesses is ridiculous. To take just one example, a pitcher's ERA can be influenced by whether or not he has a reliable bullpen to back him up. If a pitcher is taken out with the bases loaded and two outs and an exceptionally effective relief pitcher comes in and retires the batter, the original pitcher isn't charged with any runs, however, if the relief pitcher doesn't have anything and the batter hits a grand slam, the starting pitcher is charged with three runs.

A pitcher can be rated more accurately on his hits allowed and control. Sandy Koufax allowed the fewest hits per nine innings of any pitcher in history. He also is No. 1 on the all-time strikeouts-per-nine-innings list. However, his lifetime ERA is 2.76. In comparison, Terry Larkin pitched under 1,600 innings, allowed over 1,600 hits and struck out but 406. His ERA was 2.43. Obviously he was never the pitcher Koufax was, but using any system other than the Sislers' would show him to be superior.

GARY WHITAKER

Anaheim, Calif.

Sir,

The Siler system is a lot of gobbledygook. A far more accurate, accurate and easily calculated system was developed about 10 years ago by a fellow named Ted C. Oliver, who put out a little book called *Keys of the Mound*. I still have a well-worn copy and have used the system to calculate pitcher ratings since. Here it is.

Figure the pitcher's won-lost percentage and his team's won-lost percentage without him. Take the difference and multiply it by the number of decisions the pitcher is credited with. For example, Team A is 100-62 for the year. Pitcher X is 20-40 for the year (1 667). Team A is 80-52 without him (.606). The difference is .61. Multiply that by 30 decisions and you get 1,830, the pitcher's rating for the year.

In Oliver's ratings for 1894-1944 the all-time top three pitchers were Walter Johnson, Grover Cleveland Alexander and Cy Young. Who can quarrel with that? The system's only flaw is that it probably does not do justice to relief pitchers, but they really are a special breed of cats anyway, aren't they?

JOHN E. HERZOG

Pittsburgh

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